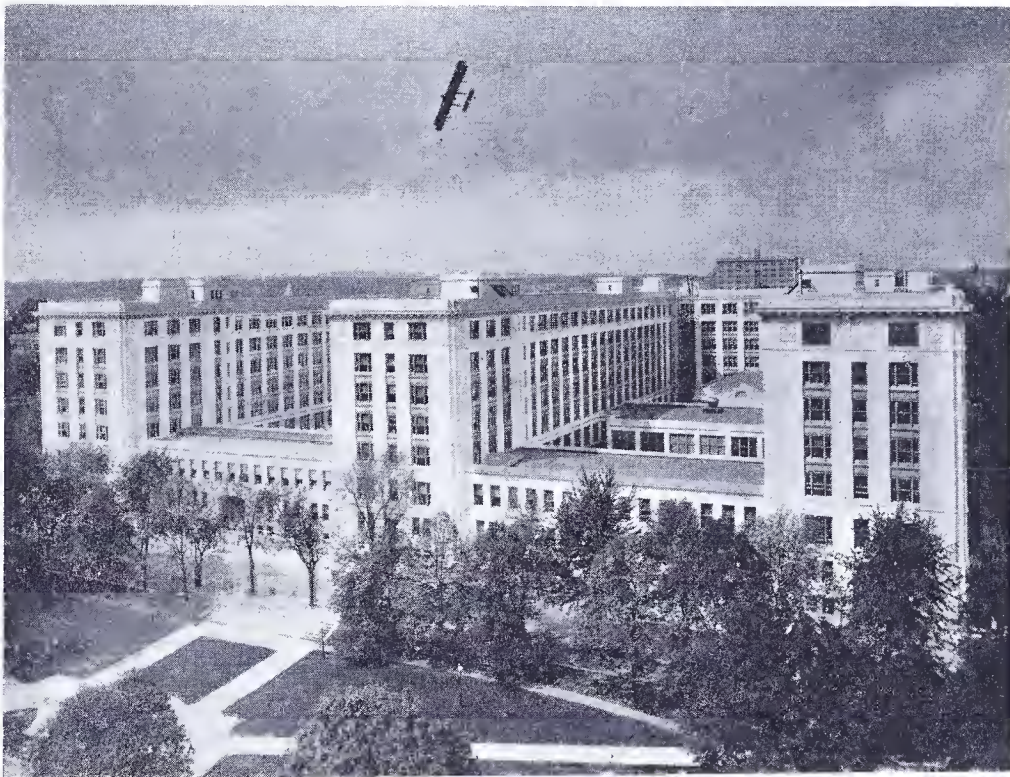


EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company
Washington Union Coal Company.



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AUGUST, 1925

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EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company

Washington Union Coal Company

VOLUME 2

AUGUST, 1925

NUMBER 8

The Anthracite Contract

THE anthracite wage contract expires August 31st, and as this is written the question of a new contract is being threshed out at Atlantic City. Whatever progress may be made toward greater safety and better living conditions around the mines, the fact remains that the "jint comitees" are rapidly finding more pleasant places to meet; witness Jacksonville and Atlantic City, with Miami in the foreground for 1927.

As usual the conference opened with a flow of oratory, a few charges and a couple of threats, then the "boys," as Dooley used to say, "went and got their pieters took." Some of us marvel at the subduing influence of the little bird that the photographer asks us to look at and which seemingly has the power to transform a blood-thirsty Operator or Union man into a rather pleasing looking citizen. Bill Redshaw likes to tell the story of his early trips to Indianapolis accompanied by his fellow miner committeemen, some of whom carried their own stock of rye bread, and who frequently spoke a foreign language, always waiting for Bill to raise his hand before they voted. Real team-work that was. Gone, seemingly, are these good old days, with the meetings held in hot interior cities; a seaside resort answers today.

It is possible that committees, both operators and miners, are inclined to prolong arguments and conferences, held in too close proximity to the great play grounds.

Speaking more seriously (and it is hard to read about Bill Bryan's jousts with Clarence Darrow at Dayton, Tennessee, and keep serious), we are prone to ask when coal miners will decide to translate themselves into a business body, tackling their wage contract problems as other business men do theirs, cutting out the bombasi furioso (hot air), etc., yet so much in vogue. There is too much that is serious behind the business of coal mining to justify making a Kilkeny Cat affair of it at recurring intervals.

Our Public Schools

NOWHERE in the world is there a public school system equaling that of our western states. New England invented the "School Ma'am," God bless her. Perhaps she was once thin, angular and testy, but not so now. Instead our "lady teachers" are frequently very young; always, regardless of age, sweet, wholesome and kindly voiced. Teaching has become more than a profession, it is a mission, and a woman never teaches very long without gathering to herself the sense of work to be done—great, compelling work—work that builds up alike body, mind and soul.

Then there are our boys and girls; one has but to look at the splendid faces reflected from the pictures reproduced in this issue of the Magazine to visualize the great work done by the faculty of our magnificent schools. Alert, four square, forward looking, your teachers and parents are proud of you. School days! happy days! the days when life's lasting friendships are made; make the most of them while ye may.

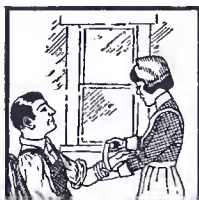
Printed Record of First Old Timers Meeting

A ROSTER, containing the names of the Old Timers in attendance at the June 13, 1925, Organization meeting in Rock Springs, officers and directors, forty years service men, etc., is now in the printers hands and upon completion a sufficient supply will be forwarded each Mine Superintendent so that one copy may be placed in the hands of every employee of twenty years and over connection with the company. The recipients of these booklets should preserve them and bring them to the next annual session.

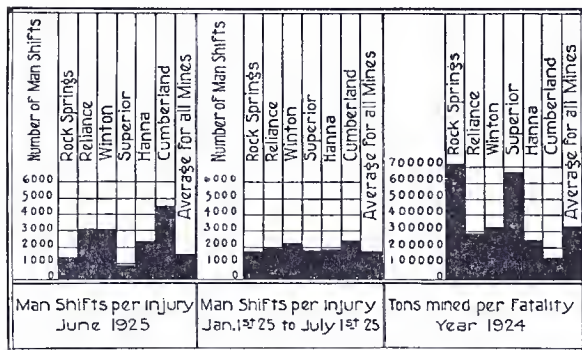
Many of those who were fortunate enough to be at the first annual celebration will undoubtedly look upon this little booklet as a fitting memorial of the occasion, and in the years to come cherish it for the pleasant memories connected therewith.

The EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employees of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employees free of cost, subscription price to other than employees, \$1.00 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING. JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.



Cumberland Wins Pennant



AS previously announced in these columns, the mining districts with the best record for the six months period, January 1st to June 30th, 1925, will be given a pennant, possession to be for six months or until displaced by some other district with a better record.

Calculated on a man shift basis the records show Cumberland to be the winner, with Winton second and Hanna third. Cumberland's record was 33,913 man shifts with 13 non-fatal and 1 fatal accident, or an average of 2,422 man shifts for each accident. Winton with 20,257 man shifts and 9 accidents, or 2,251 man shifts per accident, was second, and Hanna with 31,305 man shifts and 16 non-fatal accidents and 1 fatal accident, an average of 1 accident per 1,841 man shifts, was third.

While these records are considered very good, it leaves much to be hoped for, and it is confidently expected that when the next winners are announced much better records will be attained. At least the present figures give the other districts "something to shoot at."

In arriving at these figures, it is interesting to note the fluctuations. For the five months period, Superior was in the lead, but a bad month in June, with 9 accidents, one of which was fatal, proved their undoing.

The June records were again marred by one fatality. Domenico Cao, a loader at "E" Mine, Superior, received injuries from which he died about three hours later. He was caught by a fall of rock, which he knew to be loose, and killed. This was an easily preventable accident.

If each employe will give his whole hearted co-operation in "Making It Safe," when the announcements of winners is made for the second period in 1925, the pennant will be floating from your flag-pole and much better records will be made.

We congratulate Cumberland.

June Accidents

The following are a few of the mishaps which helped to keep the doctors busy during June.

Rope-runner—Was helping track-layer load a rail on car. He got his finger mashed between rail and car, later becoming infected.

Miner—Was working at face of room. His place was well timbered, but while loading a car, a large piece of rock weighing about 200 pounds fell between the props, striking him on leg, causing a compound fracture below the knee.

Loader—Was helping driver switch car in room neck. In some manner mule turned catching him between rib and car, bruising chest, cheek and jaw.

House-repairman—Was removing piece of tin from horse's hoof when horse kicked him, dislocating and fracturing hip.

Miner—Was pulling a piece of coal from underneath a car. A piece of rock fell and cut his head.

Mason—Dropped board on foot, bruising toe.

Miner—While taking down some loose top coal, a piece of rock fell lacerating scalp.

Miner—Loose top coal fell, striking him and bruising back. This was the first injury to this man in 35 years service with this company.

Timberman—Was drawing props and using prop puller at full length of chain. The prop pulled, hit another swinging it out with a large piece of rock. He was hit by the prop, bruising head and shoulder.

Tippleman—Was helping tippleman pull down tipple when two cars came off chain and ran into tipple. His right foot was caught between sword and bumpers of car, badly crushing foot.

Miner—Was picking bottom coal when small piece flew, striking him in eye.

Miner—Received small scratch on hand. Did not report to doctor for four days and infection developed.

Loader—Was running a loaded car down room. While putting sprag in wheel got his thumb caught between sprag and wheel.

Miner—Received injuries from a fall of rock from which he died about three hours later. He, with his partner, had been ordered to work in another room until timbermen had made their place safe. Immediately upon entering the mine the following shift, disregarding instructions, they proceeded to their former place to load a few cars of coal and the deceased was caught by the fall.

Continue the Effort

ANY amount of legislation or safety devices cannot rid man entirely of the accident menace, but concerted and continued effort to attain that goal will reduce the number of fatalities. The reduction in the

**CUMBERLAND, THE TOWN WITH THE BAND, WON. WON WHAT?
WHY THE SAFETY PENNANT FOR THE FIRST HALF
OF 1925.
RAH! RAH! RAH! CUMBERLAND.**

number of accidents is a direct, indisputable reflection of the effectiveness of the public's campaign in that direction.

Legislation to reduce accidents is like legislation to reduce crime; it is satisfactory to a certain extent; but beyond a specific limit it is of no avail. Criminals will survive despite all laws, no matter how punitive, until such a time as the human becomes a perfect moral being. Until such a time as the physical senses are infallible, until such a time as human judgment is infallible, accidents will continue to occur; for even safety devices cannot operate entirely without human assistance.

Efforts must be continued without letup. There is much work still to be done, and there must be no rest, no matter what story the accident barometer tells. One fatality is one too many; one injury is one too many. On with the good work.

—Sale Lake Tribune.

Training for the Meet

AS preliminary preparation and training for the First Aid and Mine Rescue Meet, which will take place in Rock Springs, August 8th, and for the National Meet, which will be held at Springfield, Ill., in the early part of September, the company has been fortunate in securing the cooperation of the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

After being in the field two weeks, the Rescue car was unfortunately required elsewhere, and the training has since been carried on by the Bureau men who are working in the various mining districts. While the call of the banks of a stream and a luscious trout who craves a royal coachman, or the thoughts of a cool, evening ride in the family car do not tend to increase the attendance at the evening meetings, a fair number are turning out for each session, and it is hoped that many well trained teams will be available by August 8th, the day set for the elimination contest, and by September 10th, the day of the National Meet, that the team representing the Union Pacific Coal Company will be so well trained that some of the prizes will spend the winter in Wyoming.

Law and Safety

AMONG the many good laws as formulated by our former solons, one chapter states that any one while under the influence of intoxicants who shall enter a mine shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined accordingly.

Recently it was brought to the attention of one of the mine foremen that a certain employee had basked long and well in the joy giving beams of the moon, and at that time was seeking the coolness and shade of this particular mine.

He was found shortly, curled upon a pile of tamping fast asleep, after an ineffectual attempt to give several other miners lessons in the gentle art of coal mining.

A warrant was sworn out and the individual was haled before the local justice of the peace who heard his defense of sickness, but finally diagnosed the case as just plain drunk and assessed a fine of \$100.00 and costs.

This is chiefly interesting, not from the story of the loss of the \$100.00 to the unfortunate man, but for the safety feature and the hazard of an intoxicated man in a coal mine. The proverbial bull in a china shop becomes a symbol of indolent ease compared with the potential havoc that could be wrought by one in this condition. It is not only his own life that is endangered but the life of every man in the mine. While the loss of his job and the financial penalty may work a temporary hardship, it is probably the only means by which the lesson could be imparted.

Ankle Broken Far From Help; Berleffi Set Member Himself

"JOE BERLEFFI, check weighman of The Union Pacific Coal Company mine at Cumberland, suffered an extremely painful and dangerous accident one day early last week in the Bridger Valley country, 60 miles from the nearest physician, and due to his pluck he will have, after it mends, a perfectly good ankle instead of being a cripple for life.

"Berleffi, with his family were enjoying an outing, and when he stopped his car on a rough hillside and stepped off the running board his ankle turned as he fell, breaking a bone. Although suffering excruciating pain, Joe attended his own injury, making a perfect set of the fracture, as was disclosed when he reached a physician. It will be several months before the patient will be able to walk without the aid of crutches."

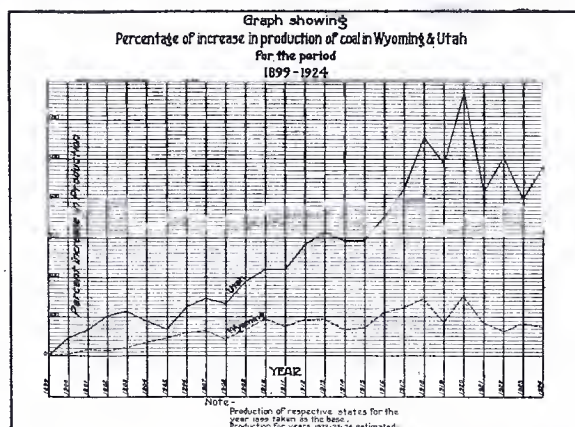
The above article taken from the Kemmerer Gazette refers to an employee, well known to a large number of our employees, who will hope for his speedy recovery.

Joe has always taken an active interest in First Aid activities and that this work is well worth while, and that one is ultimately repaid, is attested by the fact that many miles from the nearest doctor, Mr. Berleffi could so set his own leg and render himself first aid that today he is on the road to recovery instead of being crippled for life.

First Aid, like Charity, often begins at home.

Relative Growth of Output Utah and Wyoming Mines

THE State of Wyoming produced its first commercial coal in 1865, the output that year 800 tons. Utah came in as a coal producer in 1870, with 5800 tons. Since then the tonnage in both states has grown materially, The Union Pacific Coal Company producing 55 per cent of the total tonnage in the Southern Wyoming Field and 42 per cent of the total production of the state in 1924.



The graph shown herewith sets forth what has happened in the relative growth of output since 1899, a 25-year period, within the two fields expressed in "Percentage increase in production." In the last quarter of a century Utah has gained in production equal to nearly five times the output of 1899, while Wyoming has gained but three-fourths of that year's production. If the tonnage produced by The Union Pacific Coal Company's mines was subtracted from the state total, Utah would be 440,321 tons ahead of Wyoming in output in 1924. Beyond this situation lies the fact that Wyoming is developing no new mines while several are being developed, with others projected, in Utah.

Lord Alfred Tennyson

By Eugene McAuliffe

England's Great Poet of the Nineteenth Century, who Sang not alone for the World but for Those of Every Rank and Station Therein.

THE history of poetry is as wide and sweeping as is the story of the human race. There remain fleeting fragments of Indian (Asiatic) poetry written centuries before the coming of Christ. Among the ancient Greeks poetry first came into vogue as the exalted voice of a pagan religion, then came the Homeric period, when Greek poetry expressed all the art and beauty and culture that made the age of Homer, Sappho, Callinus and others equally gifted, an age of beauty, expressed in sculpture and architectural design that has since remained alike the envy and admiration of the world.

The Romans, given more to conquest and the extension of empire, never quite caught the full beauty of poesy, until with the advent of Christianity, Latinized verse, somber and sonorous, became a vehicle for the dissemination of religious tenets. The earliest poetry of record are the Hebrew accounts of the World's creation, and later came the Psalms, the songs of David and Solomon. The Ninth and Tenth centuries saw the rise of French poetry, and the Sicilian and Castilian poetry came into being in the 13th to the 15th centuries. Passing German, Norse and Celtic sagas, comes Chaucer, the father of English poetry, 1340 to 1400, and then the great Elizabethan age, the age of Shakespeare, Sidney, Spencer and many others whose fame illumines the English language. Among the many English speaking poets that the last century gave to the world Tennyson ranks with the highest, his diction singularly lucid, smooth and melodious, bearing an extraordinary truthfulness and delicacy of touch; his range of imaginative sympathy as wide as the seas. The poet's belief in immortality represents a passion that was given full play in many of his poems, notably *In Memoriam*, *The Deserted House* and *Crossing the Bar*.

Alfred Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, England, containing at that time less than a hundred souls. He was the fourth of eight brothers (there were also four sisters) born to Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, L. L. D., the rector of a country church, and Elizabeth Fytche Tennyson, who was alike the daughter of a clergyman and a mother who bore the reputation of being "a sweet, gentle and most imaginative woman." The father was—

"A man of energetic character, remarkable for his great strength and stature, and of very various talents—something of a poet, painter, architect and musician, he was also a considerable linguist and mathematician."

Unlike the harsh and embittered childhood experienced by the great Scottish poet of the preceding century, Robert Burns, whose exquisite song was born of toil, privation and suffering, Tennyson enjoyed a home filled with life, love, an atmosphere of music and poetry; a fit precursor of the song that was later to flow from his divinely gifted pen. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, he won the Chancellors Medal with a poem in blank verse, *Timbuctoo*, and in 1830 published a small volume of verse, this his second public contribution to verse-edom, having published in 1827, jointly with his elder brother, Charles, a first small book of poems, *Poems by Two Brothers*. The father dying in 1831, the poet left college without taking his degree, but he thereafter sang clearly and without cessation for sixty years.

Space forbids extended reference to the happy childhood of Tennyson, his brothers and sisters, of the "great games played like Arthur's Knights," the telling of stories, one of which, by the boy Alfred, "lasted for months," stories imaginative, diffuse, absorbing, unending. While at Cambridge Tennyson became a member of an intimate society (akin to the "Frats" of today) named "The Apostles" and which included some of the most brilliant young men of the age. Among them was Arthur Henry Hallam, who dead at twenty-two, had during his brief life displayed a brilliancy of mind unrivalled; mastering the French language at seven, reading Latin with facility at eight and the author of brilliant little tragedies at nine. When we think of Hallam we are given to wonder what the immortal Jefferson meant when he said, "All men are created equal." Out of the profound grief suffered by the poet through the loss of his friend was born, after seventeen years of sorrowing, *In Memoriam*, an elegy in the form of a group of lyrics, so beautiful and so exquisite as to be classed as the greatest poem of the nineteenth century. It is referred to as the "English Classic on the love of immortality and

the immortality of love." Most frequently translated, most widely quoted and most deeply loved, it "is an utterance of the imperishable hopes and aspirations of the human soul." Fragments of this beautiful poem that can only be compared to the softly subdued light that gleams through a stained glass window follow:

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

"Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss.
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with Death, to beat the ground.

"Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'"

* * * * *

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

"But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more."

* * * * *

"I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

"I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

"Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

* * * * *

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The year 1850, in which Tennyson's greatest poem was published, held other gifts for the poet. In the month of June he married Miss Emily Sellwood, "a lady of rare and beautiful endowments, who proved herself through a long life of unselfish devotion the true partner of a poet's existence." In November he succeeded the poet Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, his first official poem, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, the "Iron Duke," victor over Napoleon at Waterloo, one hundred and ten years now gone. To touch on all that was great written by Tennyson would be an endless task, and perforce any brief review must pass much that is high and inspiring. *Locksley Hall* published in 1842, and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* published in 1886, forty-four years later, poems written in eight measures, bear a great sweeping stride that carries the reader along as if listening to the tones of a grand organ; we may well reproduce portions thereof. *Locksley Hall* contains many stirring calls made to the better self:

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the
mellow shade,

"Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth
sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of
time;

"When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it
closed;

"When I dipt into the future far as human eye could
see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that
would be.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's
breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another
crest;

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished
dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love."

* * * * *

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the
chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling past in music
out of sight.

"Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness
of spring.

"Many an evening by the waters did we watch the
stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the
lips."

* * * * *

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living
truth!

"Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straighten'd forehead
of the fool!"

* * * * *

"Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devil's! this is truth
the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering hap-
pier things.

"Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart
be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on
the roof.

"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring
at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows
rise and fall."

* * * * *

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

"Every gate is throng'd with sniters, all the markets
overflow.
I have but an angry fancy; what is that which I
should do?

"I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's
ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds
are laid with sound.

"But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honor feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels."

* * * * *

"And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn;

"And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men;

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders
that would be;

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;

"Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm;

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law."

* * * * *

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing pur-
pose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,
Thro' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a
boy's?

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger
on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and
more.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears
a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of
his rest."

* * * * *

"I that rather held it better men should perish one
by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon in Ajalon!

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward
let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.

"Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day;
Better fifty years of Enrope than a cycle of Cathay.

"Mother-Age,—for mine I knew not,—help me as
when life begun;
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings,
weigh the sun."

"Sixty Years After" is the dramatic monologue of the same man, older and sadder, dreaming of bygone loves, but with the fighting spirit within him yet young.

"Late, My grandson! half the morning have I paced
these sandy tracts,
Watch'd again the hollow ridges roaring into cata-
racts,

"Wander'd back to living boyhood while I heard the
curlews call,
I myself so close on death, and death itself in Locks-
ley Hall.

* * * * *

"Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the
ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon
the hound.

"Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to crush the
Moslem in his pride;
Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in
which he died.

"Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle
have stood,
Gazing for one pensive moment on that founder of our
blood.

"There again I stood today, and where of old we
knelt in prayer,
Close beneath the casement crimson with the shield
of Locksley—there,

"All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she
smiled,
Lies my Amy dead in childbirth, dead the mother,
dead the child.

"Dead—and sixty years ago, and dead her aged hus-
band now—
I, this old white-headed dreamer, stooped and kissed
her marble brow.

"Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses,
passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the
planet's dawning years.

"Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes
fallen away.
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying
day.

"Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute below the
chancel stones,
All his virtues—I forgive them—black in white above
his bones.

"Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight
against the foe,
Some thro' age and slow diseases gone as all on earth
will go."

* * * * *

"Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a
glowing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a
tomb.

"Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time
and space,
Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest
commonplace!

"'Forward' rang the voices then, and of the many
mine was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till ten thousand
years have gone."

* * * * *

"You that woo the Voices—tell them 'old experience
is a fool,'
Teach your flatter'd kings that only those who cannot
read can rule.

"Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no meek
ones in their place;
Pillory Wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her
face.

"Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and, yelling with the
yelling street,
Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in
the feet.

"Bringing the old dark ages back without the faith,
without the hope,
Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their
ruins down the slope.

"Authors—essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhyme-
ster, play your part,
Pain the mortal shame of nature with the living
lines of art.

"Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul
passions bare;
Down with Reticence, down with Reverence—forward
—naked—let them stare.

"Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage
of your sewer;
Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream
should issue pure."

* * * * *

"Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so
silver-fair,
Yearn, and clasp the hands and murmur, 'Would to
God that we were there?'

"Forward, backward, backward, forward, in the im-
measurable sea,
Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows than can be known
to you or me.

"All the suns—are these but symbols of innumerable
man,
Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the planner or the
plan?

"Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled
sphere?
Well, be grateful for the sounding watchword 'Evolu-
tion' here,

"Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

"What are men that He should heed us? cried the
king of sacred songs;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother in-
sect wrong,

"While the silent heavens roll, and suns along their
fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million
miles a day.

"Many an aeon moulded before her highest, man, was
born,
Many an aeon too may pass when earth is manless and
forlorn,

"Earth so huge, and yet so bounded—pools of salt,
and plots of land—
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountain,
grains of sand!"

"Only That which made us meant us to be mightier
by and by,

Set the sphere of all the boundless heavens within the
human eye,

"Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the
human soul;

Boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in
the Whole."

While Tennyson sang of love, sorrow and the world to come, in words that rose incense-like to the sky, he bore a deep and abiding love for his country, believing irrevocably in the destiny and purpose of the Empire. In 1853 the "Man Who Walks Like a Bear," as Kipling has termed Russia, began to move southward to gain control of the Black Sea in an attempt to lift his commerce out of the frozen gulfs of the eastern Baltic by forcing a way through the sea of Marmora, past the Archipelago and thence out into the Seven Seas. Followed the siege of Sebastapool, and related thereto was the heights of Balaklava, the scene of what was perhaps the most memorable cavalry charge the world ever saw, alike a blunder and a miracle; at once a thing to be pitied and admired. In the trenches at Balaklava was a body of British "light horse" numbering six hundred and seven men under the immediate command of the Earl of Cardigan, a brother-in-law of Lord Lucan, who commanded the Division. The Commander-in-Chief was Lord Raglan. With the Russian batteries pounding away at the British position, an order borne by Captain Nolan came to Cardigan to "Charge the Russian guns." The order bore the signature of Lord Lucan. Cardigan, sensing the terrible odds that ran against him scrutinized the signature closely, then with the soldier's instinct of obedience he instructed his Orderly to give the word to "Make Ready."

"Theirs not to make reply, theirs but to do and die."

The Light Brigade tightened their saddle girths, mounted and drew their sabers. Cardigan took his place at the head of his command and turning to a fellow officer said, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans." With every nerve drawn taut, his eyes on his Commander, the Regimental Bugler waited for Cardigan's signal. Cardigan cast his eyes down the line of waiting troopers to see every man with cap drawn tightly down, body leaning sharply forward, saber in air; two, three, five seconds passed, then Cardigan lifted his saber at arms length height, the bugler sounded the "Charge" and

"Into the Valley of Death, rode the Six Hundred."

While a storm of grape and cannister swept through their lines, men and horses going down by scores, they rode straight into the muzzles of the Russian artillery, while—

"Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered."

Cutting their way through the Russian batteries, the Light Brigade engaged an infantry force posted behind the guns. Then for a moment the tragedy swept to new mountainous heights. The Russian artillerymen who were left swung the muzzles of their guns to their rear, pouring a hail of missiles at short range alike into their own men and the remnant of Cardigan's command; the Russian infantrymen meanwhile using their bayonets against the British sabers. Sensing the mistake made in the slaughter of his own men, the Russian commander at once gave his gunners orders to cease firing. One Hundred and Ninety-eight rode back—

"But not the Six Hundred."

Contrary to Cardigan's presentment, he led the torn and shattered remnant of his command back to the British lines, the return movement covered by the "Heavy Brigade," a troop of horse consisting of Greys and Enniskillenners, two hundred strong, commanded by General Scarlett. History records few instances of death-like valor such as that displayed by the "Light Brigade;" perhaps that shown by the Greeks at Thermopylae, the Texans in the "Siege of the Alamo" and the charge made by Pickett's Confederate infantrymen, up through the wheat field to the stone fence at Gettysburg, most nearly parallel Balaklava. Withal, there is a colorful tinge of dashing action that attaches to a cavalry charge not found in foot combat. Passed and gone is the mounted soldier, modern warfare admitting of no place for that noblest of all beasts who has for centuries served mankind alike as servant and friend. While England thrilled to the dauntless courage and valor of the "Light Brigade," a storm raged for years around the fixing of responsibility for the fatal order. Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief, disliked the Earl

of Cardigan, a man of unquestioned courage but few friends. Lord Lucan, Cardigan's brother-in-law, whose name was attached to the fatal dispatch, denied signing same, and the one man who held possession of all the facts, Captain Nolan, was among those who did not come back. That not one man paused to "ask the reason why" is alike the mystery and the benediction of mankind. The "Six Hundred" came, as the soldiery of today, from the humble homes, the field, the work bench and the fire-side. Before "taking the Queen's shilling" they were but common clay. Thrust into the fiery furnace of war they forgot youth, inexperience, home; quickly translated into a fighting machine. Such is the fruits of order and discipline; then comes the miracle of return to the life they left, sometimes the better, sometimes the worse for their experiences.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred,
'Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

The last word in the history of one survivor of the fateful charge will prove interesting. It is the story of one trooper who became an American citizen, casting his last vote at ninety-three. This man the last survivor of the "immortal Six Hundred," Ellis Cutting, who came to the United States and for years ran a locomotive on a mid-western railway, died at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, December 11, 1924, seventy years after that fateful morning of October 25, 1854.

As this is written memory takes the writer back to past gone boyhood years spent on our northern frontier, when snow and ice-bound, the family sat around a common table diligently reading our several books, a centrally located lamp sufficing for all. 'Twas then that the head of the family, not long out of the British Army, would lend variety to a quiet evening by reciting Tennyson's immortal lyric, a rendition so dramatically forceful as to leave it ringing in our ears today.

Enoch Arden, published in 1864, a poignant story of love and sorrowing, with twenty-nine translations in the German, Dutch, Danish, Bohemian, French, Spanish, Italian and Latin, was for years the heart throb of the world. It is the story of—

"Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the Miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away."

* * * * *

"But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd rather kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch, tho's she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it."

In due time Enoch and Annie married and—

"Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart."

Then Enoch planned to go to sea, leaving behind his wife and three children—

"Annie fought against his will;
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day, by night, renew'd—
Sure that all evil would come out of it—
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring, but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'."

* * * * *

The Good Fortune, passing the Bay of Biscay, "slipt across the summer of the world"
thence around the Cape, until at last—

"Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all

"Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
'Wake him not, let him sleep; how should
the child
Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny enl, and gave it; this he kept
Thro' all his future, but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way."

Ten years passed, his two surviving shipmates dying left him alone and—

"down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail.
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

* * * * *

"his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship—
She wanted water—blown by baffling winds,
Like the 'Good Fortune,' from her destined course,

Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay;
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what; and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet-water ran,
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounded
tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;"

In the meantime the youngest child sickened and died and Philip, now a man of means,
begged of Annie to let him assist her in her poverty by sending the boy and girl to school, until
one day he spoke, saying—

" 'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long
That, tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well, then—let me
speak.
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help;
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children; I do think
They love me as a father; I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it;
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthens, save my care for you and yours,

And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.

"Then answered Annie—tenderly she spoke:
'You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'
'I am content,' he answer'd, 'to be loved
A little after Enoch.' 'O,' she cried,
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while.
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long.
Surely I shall be wiser in a year.
O, wait a little!' Philip sadly said,
'Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay,' she cried,
'I am bound: you have my promise—in a year.
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'
And Philip answer'd, 'I will bide my year.' "

The year slipped by, and marriage, and then one day the lost husband—

"down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there—
A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle—crept
Still downward thinking, 'dead or dead to me!'"

From Miriam Lane, the old widow and tavern keeper, Enoch heard the news of Annie's marriage to Philip and "stunned with an unspeakable sadness" he—

"Stole up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

"For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled,"

* * * * *
"turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

Swearing Miriam Lane "on the book" to keep his secret until his death, he falteringly charged her—

"When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be.
This hair is his, she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,

"And there he would have knelt, but that his
knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd:

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children, too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never! no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

"There speech and thought and nature fail'd a
little,
And he lay trance'd; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'"

My babe in bliss. Wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her;
It will moreover be a token to her
That I am he."

"He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

"Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more."

In these days of marriage ties too lightly held, it is hard to think that the pity and the pathos of this simple story once moved the world to tears, yet such was the great poet's reward.

Time and space forbids extended mention of the beauties of the *Idyls of the King*, a great narrative poem of the Arthurian period, in twelve books; an epic of chivalry, the Christian ideal of chivalry deduced from a barbaric source, a glorious conception of knighthood as it should be, "skillfully wrought of high imaginings, faery spells, fantastic dreams and mediaeval splendors" suffused with the glamor of a golden mist falling from saintly hands. *Maud* a mono-drama, strange and mystical, likened to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," contains passages of rare beauty. *The Brook* a favorite old time school recitation, is as exquisite as a finely cut cameo.

THE BROOK

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

"Till last by Phillip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairly foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

"And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

"And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

First printed in 1842, carried down through the years without alteration, the poet "in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning between blossoming hedges" wrote a little poem of four short verses that has appealed to millions, *Break, Break, Break*.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me,

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

thereafter taking over, to a marked extent, the control of trade with the Indies. In 1813 Great Britain threw India open to the trade of all British subjects, but the "Company" virtually continued to govern the Indian Empire through its numerous native state sovereignties. The British occupation had for years been maintained through native troops called "Sepoys," officered by British. Gradually a growing disaffection appeared, certain religionists offended by the enforced curtailment of practices out of keeping with the British mind.

Early in 1857 the Enfield rifle, the forerunner of our Springfield rifle used in the Civil War, was adopted and issued to the Sepoy troops. This arm, muzzle loading, with a rifled

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Another flawless gem, *Crossing the Bar* first published in 1889, has since then, at the poet's request, been placed at the end of all editions of his poems. This beautiful verse presents the author's profound religious spirit. Perhaps more than any other gift to the world from the poet's pen, *Crossing the Bar* best expresses his undying conviction that "death is not the end."

We have before touched on Tennyson's love of country, the abiding faith he held in her courage, her destiny. As early as 1613 the English began to form commercial settlements in India, a country of tremendous extent, with great diversity of climate, now supporting a population approximating 319,000,000, made up of people of many tongues and religions, with a most rigid caste system, a system that in the minds of millions transcends in importance all else. The East India Company, formed in 1599 and chartered by Queen Elizabeth in 1600, under the title of the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London Trading with the East Indies," entered India, thereafter taking over, to a marked extent, the control of trade with the Indies. In 1813 Great Britain threw India open to the trade of all British subjects, but the "Company" virtually continued to govern the Indian Empire through its numerous native state sovereignties. The British occupation had for years been maintained through native troops called "Sepoys," officered by British. Gradually a growing disaffection appeared, certain religionists offended by the enforced curtailment of practices out of keeping with the British mind.

barrel, used a lead missile weighing an ounce, known as the "Minnie bullet" (named after its inventor, Captain Minnie) a conical hardwood plug inserted in the base in such a way that when the charge was fired the wood expanded the base of the bullet into the spiral grooves of the barrel. The requisite charge of powder was attached to the bullet through a greased paper container, which under the manual of arms requirement, was broken by inserting the lower end of the envelope between the teeth. This was the torch that set all India aflame. The Empire then held 200,000,000 natives, speaking divers tongues, some rich, proud, arrogant; the mass poor, ignorant, degraded, possessed of extreme religious fanaticism, saturated with a fatalistic belief that to die fighting was to win eternal happiness in the life beyond. Word was quickly spread abroad to the effect that the Minnie bullets were coated with cow and pork fat, both articles which once placed in the mouth of Hindus and Mohammedans meant to them religious destruction. Scattered through the empire, then without railroads, were less than 100,000

British, many of whom were women and children. Mutiny suddenly rose rampant and massacre began. We will pass Delhi and likewise Cawnpore, where 210 women and children were ruthlessly murdered. On May 30, 1857, an insurrection broke out in the City of Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence commanded the Sepoy troops. Lucknow was a city of two hundred thousand, and unable to stay the storm, Lawrence withdrew his handful of British riflemen, and his women and children to "The Residency," where a supply of provisions and ammunition had been stored. Throughout the summer the little garrison, diseased and famine stricken, held their own against thousands. Lawrence died defending his position, but men and women fought on hoping for relief. It is narrated that on the 16th of November, when the shadow of despair seemed ready to descend on Havelock, then in command, and those who were under his protection, a little Scotch maiden, daughter of an officer, fell asleep in the shade of the rampart. Suddenly she sprang up and clapping her hands ran with flying plaid, crying out as she came: "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? It's the slogan of the Heilanders!" Her quick ear had caught in the distance the sound of the Scottish bag pipes shrilly piping at the head of the coming regiment the well known air, "The Campbells are Coming." True or false, the incident is one of the most dramatic ever sprung from the overshadowing panorama of history. The Residency was safe. Day and night the banner of old England fluttered over the heads of the besieged garrison; when the barred banner of St. George, St. Patrick and St. Andrew was shot down, it was to go up again and again, and from that memorable day in May, 1857, to the present hour, day and night, sunshine or darkness, the English flag has fluttered above the shot-scarred walls of the old Residency at Lucknow. The gentle poet never thrilled his countrymen more than when he gave the *Defense of Lucknow* to the world in 1879.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

I

Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of
Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd
thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of
Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised
thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-
land blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we
held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our
children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty
at most.
'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at
his post.'
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the
best of the brave;
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him
that night in his grave.
'Every man die at his post!' and there hail'd on our
houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their
cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our
slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death
while we stooped to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for
often there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot
and their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen
were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that
could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would
rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that
girdled us round—

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth
of a street,
Death from the height of the mosque and the palace,
and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down, and
creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him—the
murderous mole!
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be
thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again
than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is
no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-
land blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it
chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunder-clap
echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many
friends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell
upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder.
Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate!
storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every
side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd
by the tide—
So many thousands that, if they be bold enough, who
shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are
soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are
gapp'd with our grape—
Backward they reel like the waves, like the wave
flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could
not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-
land blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart
and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to
obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but
on him;
Still—could we watch at all points, we were every day
fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that
past:
'Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold
unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive
us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to
fall into theirs!
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy
sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor pali-
sades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your
hand is as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your
flank fusillades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to
which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them
with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

V

Then on another wild morning another wild earth-
quake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good
paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light
of the sun—
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: 'Follow
me, follow me!'—
Mark him—he falls! then another, and him too, and
down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the
traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make
way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and
we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face
have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us,
faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them,
and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India
blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do.
We can fight!

Two elder brothers of Lord Tennyson, Frederick and Charles, wrote several volumes of verse and though the younger brother, Alfred, regarded their work, particularly that of Charles, as having great merit, neither attained world fame. In March, 1873, a peerage was offered the poet through Premier Gladstone, the tender was renewed through Disraeli in December, 1874, but again declined. However, late in 1883, Queen Victoria again renewed the offer and Tennyson accepted. With slackening pace the octogenarian wrote on, his high place in the world of letters well defined, the early criticism that has been the lot of all great poets past and forgotten.

On October 6, 1892, after a mercifully brief period of sickness, Tennyson passed away, aged eighty-three years and two months, his mortal remains laid to rest in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey on October 12th, while the whole sentient world mourned.

But to be soldier all day, and be sentinel all thro' the
night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying
alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and
soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left
alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-
holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpses to be laid in
the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract
skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of
flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an Eng-
lish field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that would not
be heal'd,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful pitiless
knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save
us a life.
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment
for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that
we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on
the still-shatter'd walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-
balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told
by the scout,
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the
fell mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our
ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with con-
quering cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children
come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's
good fusileers,
Kissing the war-laden'd hand of the Highlander wet
with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it
you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the bless-
ing of heaven!
'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eighty-
seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of
England blew.

Engineers' Department

Grounding and Protective Grounding

By D. C. McKeehan

A "grounded circuit" is one that is permanently grounded at one or more points.

A "ground return" means that part of a circuit which is the earth or metallic conductors such as rails and pipes intimately associated with the earth, so that there is not a difference of voltage between these and the earth itself. The earth may be referred to as a conductor always having zero voltage.

Mine tracks and pipe lines are, by their position, in contact with the general mass of the earth, and as a difference of voltage does not exist between them a shock cannot be received.

When insulated high voltage conductors are inclosed in metal conduits, steel boxes or lead to motors or transformers that have metal frames or retainers, these metal parts are grounded so that a voltage between them and the earth cannot exist in case the insulation breaks down and the high voltage wires make contact with the metal parts. The connecting of these parts to the earth is called "protective grounding" and is for the purpose of preventing persons being exposed to a high voltage.

When the insulation on a conductor becomes defective, allowing the conductor to make contact with the inclosing material such as a transformer case, the defect is called "a ground." Grounds and grounding are general terms in electrical parlance and are used quite loosely at times.

"Grounds" may be trouble makers and also life savers.

The idea of grounding electric circuits as a protection against shock appears to have originated with Professor Elihu Thompson in 1885, who dedicated the patent to the public, yet to this day the efficacy of grounding is not thoroughly understood by the electrical fraternity.

The insulation on low voltage wires, 110 and 220 volts, and the current carrying parts of electrical appliances are designed for a reasonable excess over the normal voltage, but it is impracticable to provide circuits or devices with sufficient insulation to protect against the high voltage that might be imposed upon them by being crossed, during a storm for instance, with high voltage wires.

Grounding of the low voltage circuit is therefore resorted to in order to protect persons and also the insulation from being subjected to a voltage that is higher than the normal voltage of the circuit. In rooms having damp or conducting floors, or in the vicinity of plumbing fixtures it is often possible to receive a severe shock when turning on a light having a metal socket due to one side of the circuit touching the outer shell. By grounding the outer shell the

danger is overcome or the alternative is to use an all porcelain socket, or one having a non-conducting casing in damp places.

The fact that a low voltage circuit is grounded for protective purposes does not mean that it will not shock, for it will, and the reason for choosing the least hazard will be explained by referring to the sketch.

The diagram represents a 2,200 volt circuit supplying a transformer that reduces the pressure to 110 volts for lamps. The lower secondary line is connected to ground. When standing on the ground and touching this line at any point a shock will not be received. By touching the upper secondary line you will receive a shock of 110 volts.

Assume a storm has blown one of the 2,200 volt wires and the upper secondary wire together, connection being indicated by the dotted line. The conductors are the same as heretofore and it would be possible for you to receive a shock of only 110 volts by standing on the ground and touching the lower wire. If the lower line is not grounded you would receive a shock of about 1,200 volts which might prove fatal. The primary wires have a voltage of 2,200 across them, yet 1,200 volts from either line to earth.

Mine Arithmetic

(This is the fourth article on Mine Arithmetic. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

PERCENTAGE

The meaning of the term "per cent" is "by the hundred" and is expressed by the sign (%). The term is commonly used in calculations involving money matters, in expressing the composition of a substance, grades, etc.

The number preceding the sign (%) indicates how many per cent is meant, or the number of hundredths. Thus 8% is read 8 per cent, and $\frac{1}{4}\%$ is read one quarter per cent.

In calculations the per cent sign (%) is dropped or omitted, and the number of per cent expressed in

fractional form. Thus 8% equals $\frac{8}{100}$ or equals .08 in

decimal form. Again $\frac{1}{4}\%$ equals $\frac{\frac{1}{4}}{100}$ equals $\frac{1}{400}$

.0025. $8\frac{1}{4}\%$ equals $\frac{8\frac{1}{4}}{100}$ equals $\frac{33}{400}$ equals .0825.

A few examples will illustrate more clearly the meaning of the term. Example 1.—A piece of solder weighing 90 pounds contains 35 per cent of tin. What is the weight of the tin in the solder?

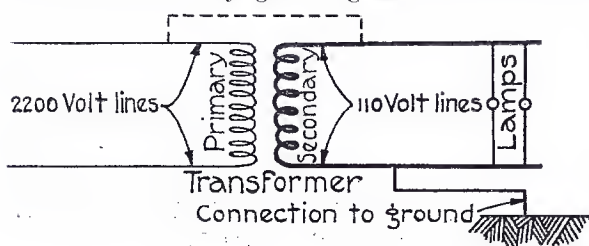
The weight of the tin is 35% or 35 hundredths of the whole weight of solder. Therefore $\frac{35}{100}$ or $.35 \times 90$

equals 31.5 or $31\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of tin.

Example 2.—A ton of coal (2000 pounds) contains one quarter of one per cent of sulphur. How many pounds of sulphur in the ton?

$\frac{1}{4}\%$ equals $\frac{\frac{1}{4}}{100}$ equals $\frac{1}{400}$ equals .0025. Therefore

.0025 x 2000 equals 5 pounds, the number of pounds of sulphur in the ton.



In the above cases, the results or products obtained by multiplying the number by the per cent is called the "percentage." Thus $31\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 are the percentage obtained; in other words to find the percentage of a number, multiply the number by the per cent expressed as a decimal. It will be noticed that "per cent" and "percentage" do not mean the same thing.

(1) To find what per cent of the whole is represented by a given percentage, divide the percentage by the whole and multiply the result by 100.

Example:—A section of land contains 4,000,000 tons of coal, of which 2,500,000 tons are recovered. What is the per cent recovered.

Applying the above rule, $\frac{2,500,000}{4,000,000} \times 100 = 62.5$ equals 62.5 or $62\frac{1}{2}\%$

Multiplying this by 100 equals 62.5 or $62\frac{1}{2}\%$ equals the amount of recovery.

(2) To find a number of which the percentage and per cent is known, divide the percentage by the per cent expressed as a decimal.

Example:—At 6% simple interest, the interest realized on the principal for a year was \$540.00. What is the amount of the principal?

6% reduced to decimal form equals .06. Therefore \$540.00 divided by .06 equals \$9,000.00, the amount of the principal.

General examples:

1. A city whose population in 1920 was 6500 was increased 10%. What is its present population?

10% or .10 x 6500 equals 650 the amount of increase. Therefore 6500 + 650 equals 7150 or the present population.

2. A railroad has a $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ grade. How many feet of raise is this per mile?

$1\frac{1}{2}\%$ equals .015. Therefore .015 x 5280 equals 79.2, the number of feet raise in a mile.

3. A concrete mixture consists of 1 part cement, 3 parts of sand and 6 parts of rock. What is the percentage of each in the mixture?

There are (1+3+6) or 10 parts in the above mixture. Therefore

$$\text{Cement} = \frac{1}{10} = .10 = 10 \text{ per cent}$$

$$\text{Sand} = \frac{3}{10} = .30 = 30 \text{ per cent}$$

$$\text{Rock} = \frac{6}{10} = .60 = 60 \text{ per cent}$$

$$\text{Concrete} = \frac{10}{10} = 1.00 = 100.0 \text{ per cent.}$$

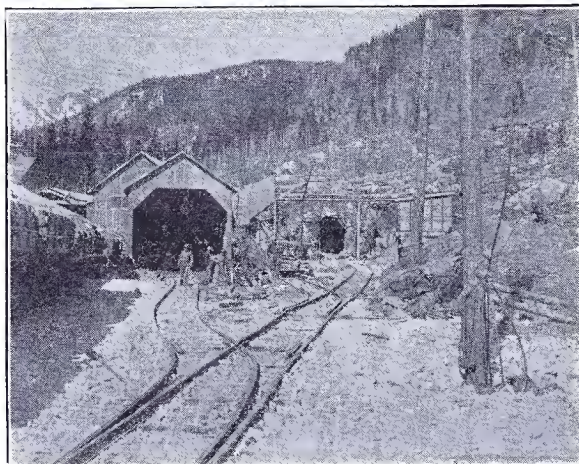
The Moffat Tunnel

HARD rock men are driving the Moffat Tunnel. This great work, exceeding six miles in length, will be the longest railroad tunnel on the Western Continent; if put into service it will shorten the distance from Denver to Salt Lake City over fifty miles.

Work on this job has been in progress for a year and a half and has gone forward very rapidly and without encountering the many insurmountable difficulties which many predicted. Progress has been at the average rate of twenty-three feet per day from each end.

On May 1st the advance headings were half way through the Continental Divide. The system of driving permits the enlarged section to be speeded up at any time it is desired, so the big job may be considered one-half completed after nineteen months operation.

Model camps have been erected at each portal. The buildings are of permanent construction so that they



East Portal of Railroad Tunnel and Motor Barn.

may well serve as a summer resort after the big job is finished. Every comfort is provided for the workmen and the labor turnover is very low. The tunnel contractors are working with the Tunnel Commission on an agreed saving basis. They have had world wide experience and have the best equipment that money can buy.

The double cutty system of driving the advance headings reminds one of coal mine practice. This is the first time the system has been used for tunnel work in this country, and the benefits derived from its use indicate that the method will be used frequently in the future. Two 8' x 8' headings are driven in the granite on 75' centers, with cross cuts every 1500'. The one on the south serves as a haulage-way for the removal of muck from the work faces. The one on the north is enlarged by ring shooting to 16' wide and 24' high. This enlargement starts at the portal and follows the heading, but must not cut off the last cross-cut, as that would interfere with the heading driving.

Where heavy ground is encountered, as on the west side, the work of enlargement is carried on from each of a number of cross-cuts, as well as from the portal. Thus the rate of advance is being maintained even under severe conditions.



Railroad Tunnel, 16' x 24'.

(Continued on page 21)

The Coming of the Sacraments of the Church and the New North Side Roman Catholic Church, Rock Springs, Wyo.

THE territory now constituting the State of Wyoming was first claimed by Spain under the grant of the Pope in 1493, as part of the "countries inhabited by infidels (Indians or Aborigines)." That claim was given greater force by the discovery of the Mississippi River by De Soto in 1541, but the wisest of Spain's statesmen and geographers knew not the vast extent of the Mississippi Valley. Hence, while nominally included in the Spanish possessions in America, Wyoming remained untenanted, save for the wild beasts and the roving Indian. The Spanish claim to the country east of the Rocky Mountains was superseded in April, 1682, by that of France, based on the expedition of La Salle, who gave the territory the name of Louisiana. The province was ceded by France to Spain in 1762; ceded back to France in 1800; and sold to the United States in 1803. The greater portion of Albany and Carbon Counties came to the United States through the annexation of Texas in 1845. The triangular shaped tract west of the Continental Divide and north of the line of forty-two degrees north latitude was acquired by the settlement of the Oregon question in 1846, and the southwestern part of the state was ceded to the United States by Mexico at the close of the Mexican war in 1848. During the next twenty years Wyoming was, in whole or in part, under the jurisdiction of Nebraska, Utah, Oregon, Dakota and Idaho. In 1868 it was made an organized territory of the United States, and in 1890 a new star was added to the national constellation representing the sovereign State of Wyoming.

Of all the states of the American Union, none present as varied a history in the matter of jurisdiction as Wyoming. It is the only state composed of territory acquired from all four of the principal western annexations. Portions of the state were claimed at times by Spain, France and Great Britain, and from the earliest record the land has been one of adventure. The mountain ranges afforded fruitful fields for the hunter, trapper and Indian trader and invited such men as Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Ashley, Campbell, Sublette, Jim Baker and others, whose names are almost as familiar to the student of pioneer history as the names of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and General Sam Houston.

The Diocese of Cheyenne embraces the State of Wyoming, including 100,906 square miles. Ecclesiastically, the territory within the present limits of Wyoming has been subject to sees as remote from each other as the political authority to which its component parts owed allegiance. For within its boundaries is part of the Louisiana Purchase which was made from France in 1803; part of the Oregon country, which was acquired by the Florida treaty with Spain in 1819; part of the Texas annexation of 1845; and finally, part of the Mexican cession of 1848. However, any jurisdiction that the French, Spanish or Mexican bishops may have had over these districts was rather "de jure" than "de facto," since prior to the building of Fort Laramie as a trading post in 1834 and 1835 there were no white settlers in the territory, nor had any missionary work been done among the Indians.

With the creation of the Diocese of St. Louis in 1847, Wyoming came under the authority of that see until 1851, when it was included in the Vicariate of the Indian Territory, to which the Rt. Rev. John B. Miegge, D. D., was called to preside over as vicar apostolic. His see embraced all of the region from the southern boundary of Kansas to the British possessions, and all west of the Missouri River to the crest

of the Rocky Mountains. The Vicariate of Nebraska, which included Wyoming, was carved out of this vast region January 6, 1857, and received as its ruler Rt. Rev. James O'Gorman, D. D., (elected January 18, 1859, consecrated May 8, 1859), who took up his residence in Omaha.

Many Catholic names will be noticed among the traders and trappers of the early days. Thus, Jacques La Ramie, after whom the town and river of Laramie



Father Anton Schiffrer, a modern crusader, at the dedication of the DeSmet Memorial, Daniel, Wyoming, July 5th, 1925.

are named, who died in that section in 1821. And during the decade following 1823 we have Thomas Fitzpatrick, a Canadian Irishman; Etienne Provost, a Frenchman, who discovered South Pass; Lucien Fontenelle, and Captain Bonneville of the United States Army.

Turning to the pioneers in the spiritual order, the place of honor is assigned to Rev. Pierre J. DeSmet, S. J., whose name will ever be one of the brightest ornaments in the field of American Missionary endeavor. To him belongs the distinction of having celebrated the first mass within the limits of Wyoming. Duly commissioned, he set out at the end of April, 1840, with the annual caravan of the American Fur Company. On Sunday, July 5, 1840, they reached the Green River rendezvous, where Father DeSmet celebrated mass and preached in English and French to the traders, trappers and hunters, and through interpreters to the Snake and Flathead Indians.

With the building of the first railroad, white settlers began to enter the territory, so that it became necessary to provide religious ministrations for the newcomers. Cheyenne had sprung up as a frontier village about this time, and thither was sent from Omaha the Rev. William Kelley as the first resident priest. His missionary field extended from Sidney, Nebraska, westward to Wahsatch Canyon in Utah, running north as far as Fort Laramie. With the exception of an occasional Sunday's mass at Laramie City and Fort Saunders, mass was celebrated regularly every Sunday at Cheyenne after the erection of the church, the other days of the week being devoted to missionary work along the railroad. In the summer of 1869 Bishop O'Gorman, accompanied by Father Ryan and another priest visited Cheyenne and Laramie City and administered the sacrament of confirmation at both places.

The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in Rock Springs now known as the South Side Catholic Church, was established 38 years ago with the Reverend Father John Delehauty as pastor.

With the increased mining activities in 1910, many more people of foreign birth came to Rock Springs and settled on the north side near the mines. This left the percentage of Catholics on the south side of Rock Springs only four percent, and the north side people did not receive the services of the church and the priest because they did not wish to cross the tracks, nor did they wish their children to run the hazard incident to attending at the south side church.

At the time of the death of the Reverend Father Kennedy, resident pastor in 1912, the Reverend Father Anton Schiffrer was made pastor of all the Roman Catholic people in Rock Springs, and to him it was apparent that it was necessary to build a church on the north side, in order that all of the people might be accommodated. Father Schiffrer resigned as pastor to all the Catholic people and took charge of the Slavish people, leaving the south side church free from debt and starting on the north side without resources. The corner stone of the north side church was placed on July 7, 1912, and the first service held on Christmas Eve of the same year.

The cost of the lots and the first construction and fixtures was as follows:

3 lots	\$ 1,800.00
Contracts for construction	13,962.12
Fixtures	753.36

On the day of the first service the church owed \$14,700.00, and over six years was required to pay off the debt, the year 1919 bringing the parish out free. In 1919 an additional lot was purchased and in 1920 the parish residence was built at a cost of \$9,700.00.

Four years more passed while efforts were being made to raise money sufficiently to finish the construction of the church. It was finally decided on June 6, 1924, to carry the construction of the church to completion, sufficient funds then being in sight to warrant such action. At the present time construction is being carried forward, the estimated cost being as follows:

Contract price on Construction	\$42,100.00
Heat and Plumbing	5,600.00
Labor furnished by parishioners...	4,000.00
Fixtures (Altar, windows, and three bell peal)	8,900.00
Total estimated cost to range between	\$70,000.00 and \$75,000.00.

The original church, upon which the completed church is being built, will be used for a social hall for the parish. It is to have a 12 foot height from floor to ceiling. The social hall will have a stage, two dressing rooms, a kitchen and a large assembly room. The boiler room will also be adjacent. On the second floor will be the church and the sacristy. Space for an organ has been arranged but no attempt will be made to purchase the instrument at the present time. The church will seat about 400 people on the main floor and 100 in the gallery. Romanesque architecture has been determined upon in the choice among the varied styles. It is interesting to know that the styles of architecture acceptable for church construction are as follows:

- Roman (Semi-circular arches).
- Romanesque (Semi-circular arches with triangles).
- Gothic (Pointed arches).
- Tudor Gothic (Four-corner arch).
- Byzantine (Arabian and Asiatic).
- Baroque (Grotesque).
- Mission (Simplest of American).
- Rococo (Gothic, Roman and Baroque).

The dimensions of the new church will be as follows:

Length of church overall ...	103 ft. and 8 in.
Width	44 ft. and 6 in.
Sacristy an additional	15 ft.
Also on the east side the entrance to the assembly hall will have a width of	12 feet.
The height from the church floor to the ceiling will be.....	26 ft. and 6 in.
The roof height	46 ft. and 6 in.
Belfry height	72 ft. and 6 in.
Spire height	125 ft.

The main altar will be donated by parishioners. One small altar will be given by the Croatsians, and the other small altar by the St. Ann's Altar Society. Windows have been donated by parishioners and also the bells of the peal.

It has been a hard struggle for the Reverend Father Anton Schiffrer and his parishioners to accomplish the construction of the new north side church. Father Schiffrer himself has lived a life of unusual hardship and self-denial, starting as a boy in the oppressed land of Jugo-Slavia so long under the devastating rule of the Austrian Empire. He met with many trials in his struggle to secure training and education. The difficulties met by the young Slavs in their encounters with the German Junkers were unbearable and led to the emigration of the best blood of the oppressed country. Coming to America, although well educated, Father Schiffrer had little knowledge of English and for that reason was compelled to work as a laborer in the industrial centers of our country. There he learned the trials and injustices to which the emigrant is subjected, often by his own countrymen, and choosing the ministry as his life work, he has since put his entire effort into the aiding of his countrymen, the American-Slavs.



Old Glory unfolds over the dedication ceremony of the DeSmet Memorial, Daniel, Wyoming, July 5th, 1925.

Girls' Hearthfire Circle

The "Take-Off" of The Junior Girl Scouts for Burnt Lake

SUNDAY morning, July 19th, opened auspiciously for the Junior Scouts of the Rock Springs District.

As early as 4:00 A. M., Junior Scouts to the number of 58 began arriving at the rendezvous from Rock Springs, Reliance, Winton and Superior, their objective being the Scout Camp at Burnt Lake, near Boulder, about one hundred miles to the north, where 34 Boy Scouts, under the direction of Scout-Master McVicar, had been quartered since July 3rd.

The Girl Scouts were taken in autos generously donated by residents of the different mining districts, the journey being greatly enjoyed by all of the girls, some of whom had never been very far beyond the boundaries of their home towns.

It was a motley caravan, headed by the baggage and supply trucks, and it is safe to say that no more unique procession ever crossed the Sandy River since the days of the west-bound emigrants.

The weather man was in his most genial mood so the Scouts were happy and full of "pep."

A pause was made at Eden, and with the green fields it looked to all a veritable garden of Eden after the ride across the desert from Rock Springs.

Boulder was reached in good time, when the thirteen mile climb into the mountains to Burnt Lake began.

Reaching the Lake, all were impressed by its beauty and the rugged grandeur of the surrounding scenery, for, with its nine square miles of surface and heavily wooded shore, there is no more beautiful body of water in Wyoming.

A short time prior to the arrival of the Girl Scouts, the boys had regretfully broken camp, so that they might return to their homes in the same autos that had transported the girls.

It was but a short time, under the able supervision of "Chief" McDiarmid and her aides, until all of the Scouts had been assigned to quarters.

During Sunday afternoon all of the activities of the camp were functioning smoothly, discipline being manifested on every hand. The swimming instructor had been giving a demonstration to a large audience, and officers and Scouts were in evidence everywhere around the tented village. The cooks were preparing for the evening meal and to judge by the edibles, there would be no slackers around the table.

It is needless to say that the Scouts will be well taken care of during the period of the present camp which will last for two weeks; thereafter, the Senior Girl Scouts, to the number of 125, will occupy the quarters for two weeks, beginning August 2nd.

And so for a period of four weeks the Girl Scouts will work and play on the shores of beautiful Burnt Lake, with congenial associates, and the most pleasant environment, in the great outdoors, close to Nature and Nature's God, where the Scouts' creed and ideals can be fully exemplified, beneath innumerable stars that shine with unbelievable brilliance, where the magnitude of the mountains inspires and where the peace and quiet and solitude strengthen and sooth, where everything is conducive to character building of the highest type.

The following is a list of the Scouts and their officers:

Troop I.

Marie Sather
Elsie Knox
Anna Jones
Zora Mandrick
Martha Porenta
Mary Porenta
Elsie Zaversnik
Bessie Markisick

Rock Springs

Katie Sikick
Katie Skorup

Troop II.

Emma Pedri
Josephine Brack
Gertrude Dor-
rence
Margaret Hodge
Mary Gerardi

Kathleen O'Don-
Helen Hartney
nell

Troop IV.

Mamie Asiala
Grace Shedden
Lillian Carleson
Helen McCurtain

Reliance

Elvira Laszlo
Florence McPhie
Irene Flew
Dorothy Robertson
Catherine Sery

Lillian Bastalich
Beatrice Alexander
Daisy Grosso
Katie Popovich
Leona Draper

Winton

Esther Mathis
Mary Tassart
Meian Guitay
Alice Hanks
Gladys Reams
Alice Reams
Betty Hanks
Lilie Kinyon

Dancel Ziggaze
Ruth Redshaw
Augustine Marcy
Thyrill Schlang
Evangeline Shuttleworth
Janette Herd
Ruth Rastall
Agnes Mulligan

Superior

Blanche
McDill
Alvira Powell
Anna Dugas
Mary Marchetti
Anna Winn

Marjorie Ward
Florence Gates
Barbara Mulkay
Ruth Mulkay
Jessie McLean
Eva Tague

Officers

Assistant Director—Jane Beck, University of Wyoming.

Swimming Director—Lillian Robbins, Capt., University of Chicago Life Saving Corps.

Nurses—Mable Glasgow, E. Cahill.

Chronieler—Frederica Weitlauf, University of Chicago.

Art and Hobbies—Mrs. P. A. Courtney, University of Wyoming.

Assistants—Mrs. A. Geyer, Scout Alberta Pryde.
Games and Athletics—Miss Jane Beck, Scout Ruth Vail.

(Continued from page 18)

In this case the small tunnel on the south will be used for carrying water from the western slope of the Rockies back through to Denver. But even though it had no future use it will have paid for itself by giving better ventilation, greater driving speed and therefore lower costs.

The men who mine coal will be interested in this great work now under way, but just what use the State of Colorado, which is paying for the job, will make of same is not quite clear to us, and as this is written the question of control is dragging its sinuous way through the courts of Colorado. The tragedy of public construction work lies in the fact that it is hard to keep patriotism and politics apart.

Rock Springs High School

THERE are few people in the world who do not enjoy recalling their school days, school pranks, school professors, school pals, school plans, and perhaps High School memories are the most enjoyable; students are still at home then and life's work is not pressing too closely. We know our readers will enjoy this short glimpse of the activities of the Rock Springs High School graduating class recorded by themselves as well as matters of vital interest to parents, presented by members of the Faculty, which help us all to understand the thorough and far reaching plan on which the school system is built. We are sorry to be unable to present all the descriptive and useful material which came to us. Much of the success enjoyed by the young people of Rock Springs in their High School work is due to the splendid effort of Prof. O. C. Schweiring, for five years Superintendent of Schools, Rock Springs, who recently resigned to accept a professorship in Wyoming State University. Mr. E. M. Thompson who succeeds Mr. Schweiring, is ably qualified to "carry on" and more and better things are in the offing.

What High School Students Study

What subjects do High School boys and girls study? Are they interested mostly in vocational at the expense of the academic and the classical. Do they tend to neglect some of the important preparatory subjects for college? These questions can be answered by the figures shown in the following tables. These tables show how many boys and how many girls are in each course.

This year 445 boys and girls are carrying English and Rhetoric courses; 335 are carrying some course in history such as Civics, General History, United States History, Modern History; 132 are taking Latin; 53 are taking French; 233 are carrying some course in Science such as Biology, Physics, Chemistry or Elementary Science; 349 are taking some course in mathematics such as Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic; 240 are carrying some work in Commercial subjects; 104 girls, almost one-half of all the girls, are doing work in Home Economics, 48 boys are carrying some work in Woodworking and 36 boys are enrolled in Machine Shop and in the Electric Shop courses; 11 girls are in the Normal Training courses.

The English Department

To Mary Alice Stewart we are indebted for the following analysis of the work of the English Department of the Rock Springs High School.

The English Department of Rock Springs High School, in accordance with the logical plan for English presentation throughout the United States, deals with its subject matter from three distinct standpoints, and has three definite aims:

1. To develop oral expression.
2. To develop written accuracy.
3. To cultivate the reading habit.

Whether at home or at school, at work or at play, we spend most of our working time with other people. Our pleasures and achievements depend largely upon our success in getting along with our companions. Our problems and difficulties usually come from human associations. Our English course attempts to create a common basis for understanding by teaching the student to efficiently speak, read and write.

In order to accomplish the purpose of our first aim, "To develop oral expression," the department is especially interested in the promotion of Better Eng-

lish. This movement is gaining new adherents each year and the annual celebration known as "Better Speech Week," is becoming more and more widespread. (Educators, women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, in fact all who realize the importance of good speech, support this work.) "Better Speech Week," celebrations in the schools include the production of brief plays, introducing Better English Characters and Bad English Characters, which bring home the desired lesson to the children through an attractive medium, and Better English Posters, showing the triumph of good expressions and the downfall of slang. The latter proves to be an interesting project for the student who is interested in art.

An attractive phase of oral composition is gained through the relating of personal experiences. The student delights in telling his classmates of an interesting camping trip, a narrow escape or the steps followed in the making of a certain article. He groups his thoughts and chooses expressive words in order that his listeners may fully understand the recitation.

Debate affords a valuable phase of oral composition. A series of inter-class debates preceded the choosing of the teams which represented us at Laramie. This plan acquainted each student with a prominent question and enabled those who enjoy argumentative work to develop stage presence and power of public speaking.

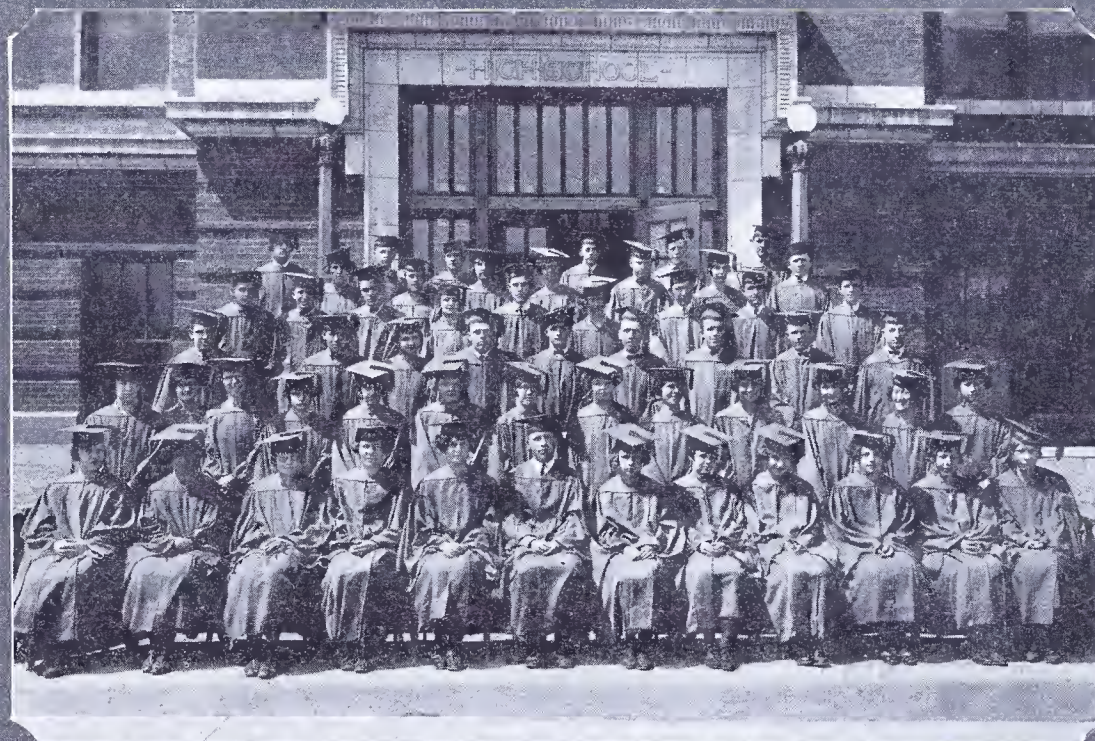
The oral composition phase of Business English is given prominent treatment because of its importance in the transaction of special business phases such as salesmanship and advertising. A knowledge of oral composition is a necessity to speakers, to all salesmen and to all persons who meet other persons in social intercourse.

The second aim of the English instruction is "To develop written accuracy." The student is given a preliminary course in all the topics of composition fundamentals. As a basis for definite corrective instruction, information has been gained from Diagnostic Tests in English Composition dealing with Capitalization, Punctuation, Grammar and Sentence Structure.

Regular theme assignments give the student an opportunity to use this information. Some of the most interesting theme subjects are; Good Roads, Economy of Food, Washington, Lincoln and Travel. The writing of the theme entitled "George Washington" was sponsored by the local organization of the Knights of Columbus, which gave a prize to the author of the best essay.

The most advanced form of written composition is shown in the columns of our school paper, "The Sage-brusher." This paper is being exchanged for school papers in many other states.

Every effort is being put forth to develop a reading ability. Great writers have been fascinated by human relationship. Their poems, stories, essays and novels usually deal with people living and working together. The reading consists of short stories, poems, essays, one-act dramas, together with selections from biographies, narratives, reminiscences, books of adventure, travel, science and industry. The literary information is gained through actual reading and not by historical information concerning the writing. Each student is supplied with a list of interesting and valuable books. From this list he selects eight books which are to be read in addition to his regular class work. Although eight books are required the students read an average of eleven books each year.



Upper—Brueggeman's School Orchestra.

Lower—Graduates, Rock Springs High School, Class 1925.



Cast of "Turn to the Right."

"Turn to the Right," a comedy given by the Senior Class of '25 on April 23rd, was a great success. The following are the characters and the parts they played:

Top row: Walter Savage—Deacon Tillinger; Merna Query—Betty Bascom; Jessie Stark—Mrs. Bascom; Chester Roberts—Mugs.

Second row: Cecelia Sabo—Katie; Jack Adams—Gillie; Louise Shuster—Jessie Strong; Raino Matson—Joe Bascom; Enid Stark—Elsie Tillinger.

Third row: Robert Partington—The Tailor; Wesley Chester—Sammie; Joe Bates—Lester Morgan; Otto Visintainer—Calahan; George Bird—The Jew.

Mr. T. J. Kelly, Dramatic Coach.

Some of the most popular of this list from the biographical division are: "Up From Slavery," "Booker T. Washington," and "The Story of My Life," Helen Keller. The most popular of the modern list is "The Covered Wagon," Hough. From a sociological standpoint the students enjoy reading "The Making of an American," by Riis. Many books that were popular two generations ago are still heading the list, such as, "The Hoosier School-master," Eggleston, "Ben Hur" Wallace and "The Crisis," Churchill.

Outside reading books are offered with the hope that they will be a means of introducing boys and girls to the fascinating world of books that will contribute to the attainment of the good of all true education, good citizenship. The entire course is arranged to give the student a fundamental knowledge of all practical English.

Senior Class Song

There is much in school life other than study; the making of friendships, athletics, music, theatricals; all have their part. The Class of '25 prepared their song, which follows:



Folk dance during play hour at Lowell School.

Tune: "All Alone."

We are the Senior Class of '25
Of the Rock Springs High School
Now we are to leave our school behind,
But in our hearts we'll cherish
Thoughts and memories of you.

Chorus:—

Senior Class, dear old Senior Class
We're the Class of '25,
Senior Class, now we're here at last
To the ties that bind, we leave behind
And in memories book,
We will often look
Just to find you were so fine;
Wondering where you are
And how you are.
That dear old Class of '25.

The "Honor Society"

The young people of Rock Springs have an "Honor Society." The name of the local chapter is "Gros Venture—Honor Society."

This local chapter is a member of the National Honor Society of High Schools. This society was organized last year in the local High School. To be eligible for this, the student must rank in the upper fourth of his class. Of the twenty five per cent eligible but fifteen per cent can be elected. These are elected by the Faculty on the basis of leadership, character and school citizenship. The members this year are shown below:



Rock Springs Chapter of National Honor Society of High Schools: Hazel Justin, Enid Stark, Lois Page, Louise Page, Jack Adams, Raino Matson, Martin McPhee, Lillian Clementson.

Girl's Athletic Association

The Girls Athletic Association deserves a great deal of credit for the work that was accomplished, because of the fact that no special athletic director was employed, and, but for the extra time spent by Miss Jane Beck, Home Economics Teacher, the girls would have had no form of athletics whatever. Much appreciation is due Miss Beck for the successful way in which she handled the Association in the short time she had to devote to it.

The Association is the first Athletic Club formed for girls in Rock Springs, and it is hoped that it will continue next year. Thirty-eight girls were active members, working under the merit system. Those winning five hundred merits were awarded sweaters and letters, and those winning two hundred and fifty merits were awarded letters. Merits were won by taking part in the following sports:

Basketball, baseball, swimming, tennis, hiking, skating, gymnasium work and dumbbell exercises.

The following girls were the officers of the Association during 1925: Ruth Vail, President; Louis Page, Business Manager; Lillian Clementsen, Advertising Manager.

The Seniors won first place in both the Basketball and Baseball tournaments. In the Tennis tournament, Louise Page took first place in Class A, and Hattie Edom first place in Class B. The High School Basketball team played a very exciting game with Superior, winning with a score of: Rock Springs, 34, Superior 21.

The Banquet given in the Home Economics room at the High School was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The room was decorated in orange and black, high school colors.

The following menu was served:

Training Table	Deadman's Float
Opponents Remains	
Basketballs	Home Run
Deuce	Reducers
	Discus
	"Halt"

The place-cards, prepared by Miss Beck, consisted of a booklet having the G. A. A. emblem on the cover; pictures of the different champions in sports, the menu and a place for autographs.

The officers for next year were elected and the following awards for the year were given:

High School Sweaters

Agnes Son	Lillian Clementsen
Enid Stark	Margaret Baeskay
Darhl Draney	

High School Letters

Hattie Edom	Darhl Draney
Enid Stark	Ruth Vail
Louise Page	Lillian Clementsen
Agnes Son	

G. A. A. Letters

Margaret Chambers	Jessie Stark
Margaret Baeskay	Bernice Keating
Louise Page	

Boy's High School Athletics

We are indebted to Coach Franklin O'Niel for the following resume.

Foot ball at Rock Springs High School the past season resulted in only two victories for the Tigers. The Superior High School Team was defeated twice. The defeats suffered by the local team were administered by Green River, who won two games, Rawlins two games, and Keummerer, one game. The fact that the squad was inexperienced, was one factor in the failure of the team. Another factor perhaps was the lightness of the boys.



ROCK SPRINGS GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM—1925.

Left to Right: Agnes Son, captain-guard; Lillie Berta, sub-forward; Hattie Edom, forward; Louise Page, forward; Vannatta Carr, guard; Lillian Clementsen, guard, center; Ruth Vain, forward; Darel Draney, sub-guard.

The prospects for next year are somewhat brighter. In view of the fact that there are about six of last fall's Varsity men coming back and a score or more of new men who have lately signified their intentions of trying for a place on the "Varsity" next fall, the High School should put up a pretty hard fight for a better record in this sport, when next season shall have come to pass. The Varsity men who will return are: Fedrizzi, end; Daniels, end; Kraft, Fletcher, and Dickinson, line men; and Harrigan, end. With their experience these men will make a nucleus around which a team may be built. There will be some vacancies to fill, which will take some hard work on the part of the new men. Those who graduate this spring are: Hansen, captain; Visintainer, Stitzler, Roberts, Bird, and Chester. These men are fighters and will be missed badly in our line up next year. However, with good hard work, the newcomers can fill up the ranks, because they have the size, speed and determination, and upon their development depends the fate of next season's squad.

Basket ball this season was the high mark in athletics for Rock Springs. Out of 15 scheduled games the team won 7. Among the teams won from were: Green River, one; Superior, two; Hanna, one; Lyman, and Mountain View, one each; Preps, one. The teams which won from Rock Springs were: Green River, one; Rawlins, two; Lyman, one; Mountain View, one; Kemmerer, two; and Laramie, one.

At the State Tournament at Laramie, the boys won from Midwest, 36-6; Gillette, 24-8; Cokeville, 15-9; Pine Bluffs, 8-7; and Green River, 20-17. The Champions of the State, Laramie High School, beat us 21-11 the first time, and 16-5 in the final game of Class "B." This record gave Rock Springs second place in this class.



Miss Louise Page, Champion of Junior Tennis and Runner-up in the Women's Tournament of Wyoming. Miss Page is a member of the class of '25 in the Rock Springs High School and has taken active part in athletics all through High School.



Rock Springs Basket Ball Team, left to right: Charles Bonomo, Donald Hansen, Mario Fedrizzi, Leonard Frances, Otto Visintainer, Cecil Cuthbertson, Raymond Craft, Cecil Duncan, Robert Simerl. Coach, Franklin O'Neil.

For winning this place the school received a silver cup, and individual silver basket ball charms were given to the team members. Mario Fedrizzi was also chosen on the all-state team for forward. He received a gold tie pin as a token of this honor. Hansen was mentioned in one list as an all State guard, although he was not on the official choice made by the letter men of the University of Wyoming.

The team by virtue of winning second place in Class "B" at Laramie was invited to attend the Rocky Mountain tournament at Greeley, Colo., where they won their first game from Loveland, Colo., which put them in the running for champions of this tournament. Teachers College High beat the Tigers once, and Longmont, Colorado, wrested third place from them in another defeat administered on the final night of the tournament. The boys did some excellent playing in these two tournaments and everyone is proud of their progress from green substitutes and new men, to a veteran team of near championship caliber.

From this squad only two graduate this spring, Hanson, Guard, and Visintainer, Guard. With Fedrizzi, Bonomo, Cuthbertson, Francis, Simerl, Kraft, and Duncan back next year, together with the new men discovered in our interclass tournament of this spring, a squad of men may be picked from which a championship team can be developed.

During the closing week of school, the time is being devoted to track and base ball. In track athletics there will be a cross country run, April 17th, a relay meet, April 24th, a regular track and field meet, May 1st, and a baseball tournament the week following. The Basket ball tournament, together with track and base ball, will furnish athletics for 150 boys of our High School and about twenty boys of Junior High.

Last Will and Testament

The Senior Class, before relinquishing their high place to the Class of '26, made the following will:

We, the Senior Class of '25, hereby do draw up our last will and testament, on the nineteenth day of May in the year of 1925.

We, the Seniors, hereby do will as individuals and as the Senior Class, the following:

To the Class of '26, our marvelous and therefore exceptional characteristics that carried us through

four years of successful co-operation, financially, socially, egotistically, and scholastically.

Raino Matson, Class President, wishes to endow **Elsie Shinazy** with his executive power.

Jack Adams wills his perfume to **Mario**. (He didn't want it.)

Wesley Chester leaves a whole troop to be given away. They are:

Mary Helm to **George Sprowell**.

Margery Bell to **Sylvan Ward**.

Blossom (Violet Penno) to the boy back home.

Lena Anselmi to **James Hackett**.

Irma Dona to **John Kay**.

Lucille Downer to **Earl Murphy**.

Vehma Black to **Elmer Likes**.

(Wesley wishes to search in other fields).

Edwin Magagna the art of making love to **Powell Downer**—may you have better luck than Edwin.

Hattie Edom leaves her skill in throwing chalk to **Marvin Johnson**.

Hilda Pelkonen hereby signs over her man-hating characteristics to **Miss Burke**.

Walter Savage wills his steadiness to **Nora Hawks**.

Kathryn Forndran leaves her tenacity of purpose to **Albert Crippa**. May **Albert** find some one that he wants to hold.

George Bird has decided to give his regards for **Miss Hathaway** to any one who wants it. (See **George**).

Ruth Vail bequeaths her rolled stockings and split skirts to **Ruth Crocker**.

Joseph Bates wishes to endow **Renaldo Menghini** with his Ichabod Crane qualities.

Crestler Stiteler hands over his braggadocio to **Eino Aho**.

Helen Pryde leaves her flirting ability to **Lena Anselmi**.

Doras Jamieson wills her Red Army, consisting of: **Wright Dickinson**, **Lindsey Daniels**, **Martin McPhie**, **Mario Fredizzi**, **Uno Wiljke** and **Donald Hansen** to **Margaret Chambers**.

Rosia Potochnik hereby gives her A's in school to **Forest Adkinson**, alias **Grubby**. Here is a chance **Forest**, take it.



Dental Clinic Yellowstone School.

Staff: **Margaret T. Boyer**, School Nurse; **Dr. A. F. Gutting**; **Wilma Harris**, Teacher.

Pupils: **Helen Hartney**, **Conrad Schwiering**, **Cecilia Castella**, **Melba Matson**, **Ishmail Olson**, **Marian Guy**, **Arlene Carr**, **Arnetta Carr**.

Willie Davies leaves his power to recite in English to **Charles Williams**. (Don't be too bashful, **Charlie**).

Helen Martin bequeaths her timidity to **Lena Delapacola**.

Harold Savage wills his yelling to **Jed Oran**, but not his love for women school teachers. (Poor **Jed**.)

Mary Toucher leaves her giggles to **Carey Cundy**.

Louise Shuster with pleasure, leaves her lisping to **Anna Copyak**.

Tom Peters Ounip to all the boys, especially

Milton Morton **Crippa**, **Nickedemus** (Where art thou, **Ned**?), and **Wright Dickinson**.

Amy Harvey wills her habit of getting in bad with teachers to **George Fletcher**.

Lois Page bequeaths her "Daily Dozen" and "Dumbbell" exercises to **Elizabeth Wilson**. (You may profit by it, **Lois** didn't).

Helen Justin and **Otto Visintainer** will their skill and art of being congenial friends to **Miss McCall** and **T. J. Kelly**.

Agnes Son leaves her basketball ability to **Margaret Embleton**.

Bookkeeping Class bequeaths their wonderful and successful **Peanut Corporation** to next year's **Bookkeeping Class**. (May you meet with more success.)

Faren Faler, at the very last moment, decided to leave **Marie Dykes** his sickening smile.

Lillian Clementsen wills her adorable impudence to **Alberta Pryde**.

Charles Wassung has decided to leave **Fanny** to no one.

Louise Page bequeaths her love sets to **Norma Young**. (May they be few). (Two ways to take this, **Norma**).

Owen Hakkila leaves his music ability to **Willard Fletcher**. (Will this help you?)

Jessie Chipp wills her skill of cutting classes and going down town to **Mary O'Donnell**.

Etha Faler gives all red haired parts in the Senior play to any one who wants it. (Red hair not the object).

Donald Hansen wills his title of "Shiek" to **Donald Miller**.

Violet Pianetti bequeaths her grin to **Dorothy Bryant**.

Vernice Hackett although her most valuable trinket is out of school, will leave all her notes from **Alexander Young** to **Darhl Draney**. (There are quite a lot of them, **Darhl**).



The following are winners of the yearly contests held at the Annual State High School Tournament at Wyoming University.

Violin Contest Winners—**Leno Cerretto**, 1923 (left); **Sylvan Ward**, 1924 (right); **Heimo Loya**, 1925 (center).

Stenography Contest Winners—**Alma Parko**, Novice, Second Place, 1925 (left sitting); **Hazel Justin**, Amateur, First Place, 1925 (right sitting); **Stella McTee**, Amateur, Second Place, 1921 (left standing); **Clara Boyle**, Amateur, First Place, 1924 (right standing).



Cowboy Dance Roosevelt School Playground.

Enid Stark bequeaths to Steve Angelovie her darling little dimples.

Merna Query leaves her equestrian ability to Frank Potoehnik.

Martin McPhie wills his dancing ability to Bill Medill. (Please use it).

Barbara Walters wills her quantity if not quality to Evelyn Symes.

Chester Roberts bequeaths his "Coat of Arms" to Gail Robertson. (Ask Elsie if they have been used much).

Jessie Stark leaves her marvelous opportunities for star gazing to Houston Brown. (Don't make the same mistake twice, Houston).

Mary Elias after a great deal of difficult thinking has decided to leave her red headed Junior to the Rock Springs High School Girls. (Mary is very wise, because she probably would have to anyway).

Isabelle De Webster wills her lovely art of teaching to Miss Creek. (This is your chance).

Rose Dolard has just finished her book entitled "What I Think About Myself" and would like Mr. Kelly to accept it. (T. J. here's your chance).

Oscar Evans leaves his awkwardness to Christinia Harris.



Kinderband—Roosevelt School.

Nellie Gregory wills her ability to "Flee Hop" to Luke Harrigan, because after June, Nellie won't need it.

Josephine Angelovich bequeaths her glorious deportment and citizenship in school to Ralph Gilpin.

Mable Ryder leaves her beautiful black hair to Hiemo Loyo.

Robert Partington wills his ability to make girls mad to Bert Hanks. (Please use it in discretion).

Rose Sweeney bequeaths her calm assurance of her answer to the teacher's questions to Irwin Vehar.

Gwendolyn Holt wills her ability to gaze to the "Bells."

John Tarris leaves his horn to Lillian Spohn. (May you save your voice and use your wing).

Cecelia Sabo gives her ability to think twice before she speaks and then to keep still, to John Abram.

John Lammi leaves his prize essay "How They'll Miss Me When I'm Gone" to Miss Gastongay; or is it only one who will?

Hereby the Senior Class has decided to leave their Class Sponsors to no Class in particular. They have been proved to be the very best of sponsors and although we have to give them up, we are anticipating a big fight to see who will get Miss Gastongay, Mr. Liddy, and Mr. Kelly for their sponsors next year.

We, the Senior Class of '25, bequeath to the Senior High School, our handsome Principal, Mr. E. M. Thompson. May he serve you as well as he did us.

Therefore, We, the Class of '25, have thereby made our last will and testament according to the wishes of the individual pupils of this above Class, and as our time draws to a close we hereby affix our signature, making this binding upon our heirs forever and ever.



Normal Training Class Taught by Miss Anna Burns.

Signed this day of our Lord by the Committee empowered to do so.

LOIS PAGE, Chairman.

HAROLD SAVAGE, Assistant.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

The Committee: Do notify that they are but carrying out the wishes and thoughts that have been given to them and commanded that they be entered upon this paper, thus, not making themselves responsible for the smiles or anger that this "last will and testament" will cause.

Approved by Senior Class of '25.

Business Efficiency

Two little boys outside of the church door were selling lemonade one day, when the pastor came along. He walked up to one little boy and said, "Harry, how much is your lemonade?"

"Five cents a glass, sir."

He turned to George and said, "How much is yours, George?"

"Two cents a glass, sir."

"All right, I'll take a glass of yours."

He drank the lemonade and said, "That is pretty good. Let me have another glass."

He drank that and congratulated himself upon getting two glasses for less than the price of one, and then he turned to the first boy and he said, "Tell me, my little man, how can you afford to sell your lemonade for two cents a glass when this other boy is selling his for five cents?"

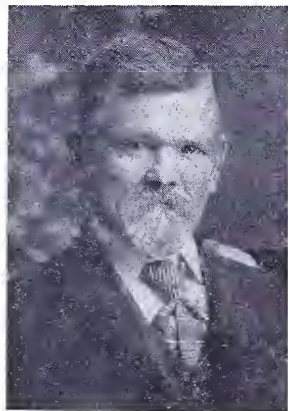
"Well, you see," said the first boy, "the cat fell in my pail and I thought we had better close it out before the news traveled too far."

Old Timers' Page

The Late George L. Young

By G. B. Pryde

"GEORDIE" YOUNG, as he was very familiarly known in Rock Springs, was one of the early pioneers of this district. He left his home in Scotland in the early fifties, came to the United States and worked in the mines of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Iowa, before coming to Rock Springs in the late sixties.



The late George L. Young of Rock Springs

The Union Pacific Railroad was at this time yet twenty miles east of Rock Springs.

Shortly after Mr. Young arrived in Rock Springs he engaged in the mercantile business with Mr. John Jarvie. They jointly operated one of the first stores in this vicinity. Dwellings in the town consisted mostly of tents.

In 1869 he took an active part in starting the main opening of No. One Mine, which continued to be a producer for about forty-one years, until it

was closed down in June, 1910. He also assisted in locating the opening of several other mines in this vicinity.

He was employed as a prospector by several of the coal companies in the Rock Springs field. He also did considerable work for Mr. P. J. Quealey in the Kemmerer field, prospecting the coal seams in that vicinity.

In 1870 he was married at Bryan, Wyoming, to Euphemia Chambers. This town was quite an important point on the railroad for several years but now consists of a section house and water tank.

Mr. Young was a consistent pioneer and had the true pioneering instinct. In 1888 and 1889 he joined the Argonauts in a journey to the Alaska gold fields, and, like many of them, experienced many hardships. He was admired and respected in Rock Springs where he spent his last days. He died here November 11, 1915, followed some little time later by his widow. Mr. and Mrs. Young had eight children, two boys and six girls. Both boys and three of the girls still survive. One of the boys is George Young, Vice President, District 22, United Mine Workers of America, who, like his father, has spent many years in the mines.

Dana and Hanna in the Eighties

By a Dana "Old Timer"

BACK in eighty-eight the old Carbon Coal basin began to show signs of depleting and as coal in that vicinity was very essential for railroad purposes considerable prospecting for new mines was done along the route of the old main line, which then ran six or seven miles south of Hanna.

There were several visible coal croppings and a point about seven miles south and west of Hanna was decided on, a mine opened and christened "Dana," which though short lived, was a hummer while operat-

ing. The camp, while lacking in the present day luxuries and pastimes, had many ways to use its playtime. The saddle horse took the place of the automobile for the fishing and hunting outings, and also for most of the evening joy rides, and as much pride, or more, was taken in our mounts as in our automobiles today.

Our week end dancing parties were usually held at some outlying ranch in the Elk Mountain district, where some hay barn was used for the festival, illuminated by lanterns and torches with baled hay for settees. The means of transportation to these affairs was an old regulation stage coach drawn by four or six horses and handled by old colored Brown. In regular livery, few drivers could be classed with him in handling the reins over the jolting rough trails, with no culverts, and few bridges over the water courses.

Tents were the universal shelter for living quarters, also for saloon and store, and during the severe winter of eighty-eight and eighty-nine hardships from the cold and heavy snows were many, and to keep warm we often went to sleep in full outdoor clothing. But we came through, little worse for the experience. A few of us who took part then are still in service.

The Dana coal was of a low lignite grade and used exclusively for locomotives, and as the engineers of that day were not equipped with stack netting, the chunky portions would alight on the grates, and the finer coals would shoot through the fire box and issue from the stack a stream of flame, which was, from back of the hills, an impressive sight at night.

Trains running against the wind were in constant danger from box car fires, and while most of the train crews rode with fire buckets, sousing small blazes, sometimes fire would break out at many points at one time and would "best" the crew. With inadequate fire fighting equipment at hand, the only chance left in such cases was to cut the train and make a run for the nearest stand pipe or water tank, which might be miles away.

These runs were the chief outdoor sport of the period, on the division between Laramie and Rawlins. Many bets were laid by train crews and onlookers as to whether the stand pipe would be reached before the cars would burn to the tracks, and it was an even break in high wind.

The game was exciting, with one or several box cars ablaze streaming behind a flying locomotive, with the whistle tied down for a clear track and everyone within hearing or seeing distance on hand to watch the outcome. But such sport, of course, could not last and the old man sent us scouting for new fields in the vicinity, with the result that location was made on the present site of Hanna and mines No. 1 and 2 opened up, during the summer of eighty-nine, and a branch line of railroad laid connecting the main line at Allen Junction the fall of the same summer.

Hanna, in its infancy, was similar to Dana—tent camp. Our first amusement hall was the old freight depot and finally a clap-board shanty, the old Richards Boarding house at No. One, where many pleasant gatherings were held in the early nineties until the camp finally took shape.

The old main line was abandoned in 1900 and the first passenger train rolled through Hanna in October of the same year, which marked the exit of camp life and placed Hanna in the city class.

"Geordie"

By Old Timer

YEARS ago I became acquainted with a typical miner from "across the pond," a type which is gradually but surely disappearing from the mine. Prohibition is playing its part, to some extent, in bringing this about. Geordie was an extremely hard worker but had to have his monthly spree as regularly as pay day came around.

Geordie had a native shrewdness and would not let any one "put anything over" on him. A predatory gentleman, a sewing machine agent, had sold a second-hand sewing machine to Geordie's wife which proved to be in a rather dilapidated condition. The machine was sold "on time" to be paid for in instalments, and after the final payment had been made, the agent called to see how it was operating. Close examination revealed to him that it was in need of numerous repairs and in order to insure further revenue, he convinced the lady of the house that the machine needed overhauling and quickly started to take it apart. This done, with many a sigh about the condition of the machine, he advised the lady that it would cost at least \$10.00 to re-assemble it again. Geordie had been sitting quietly, taking in the whole proceedings, and while he believed that a man's home is his castle, he also had a very definite idea that the machine, when in operation, came entirely within the province of his wife, Mary Ann. However, he felt, under the circumstances, that it was up to him to take a hand in the situation and this he did in a rather forcible manner. Going to a bureau drawer where he kept a Colt 45, he took the weapon and sitting down in a chair pointed it in the general direction of the agent in a rather menacing manner, saying, "Now, lad, thou had better get busy and put the old machine together as my wife has some of me clothes to mend today; step pretty lively, and I want to tell thee that it is not going to cost any \$10.00 to do the job either."

Under the circumstances, the agent lost no time on the job and when it was completed he made a rather hurried and ignominious exit. A little later in the day, Geordie was walking around in the yard of his home smoking his pipe when a neighbor approached and said, "Geordie, what was the matter with the sewing machine agent? He left your house in an awful hurry." Geordie replied with a smile, "Come to think on it, he seemed to be in quite a 'urry all the time he were in the 'ouse."

One day the Superintendent, visiting the mine, stopped to chat with Geordie and his son along the entry where they had been working. His watch being out of repair, he inquired of Geordie what time it was, at which Geordie replied that he had no watch. The Superintendent inquired why he didn't carry a watch and Geordie replied, "Aye, lad, if you had our Jack working with thee for a partuer, thou wouldn't want a watch either. He knows when quitting time comes better than any watch that was ever made."

Geordie has passed on, but there remains with me many of his witty sayings. He taught me the worth of that great virtue, cheerfulness, because he was always, in any circumstances, in a cheerful mood.

Editor's Note

We are always glad to have stories like the above. Many of you have told us tales, we'd like to have you send them to us. Perhaps Mr. Frank Pelican will start with an account of his capture of the wild cat in the Superior mine.

Ouch!

He (heatedly): "Remember, I'm not as simple as you think I am."

She (fervently): "Thank God for that!"—American Legion Weekly.



Hieroglyphics

While at college Dinty Moore handed in a paper to his professor and was surprised the next day to have it returned with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently but was unable to decipher the note so he brought his paper back to the professor.

"I can't quite make out what it is," said Dinty—"That," said the professor, "why that says, I can't read your hand writing. You write illegibly, which is a very bad practice."—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Parlor Story

The Easter dinner over, the family and guests adjourned to the big sitting room where they were joined by several of the neighbors, consequently, there was a scarcity of chairs and Charlie Parsons who had dinner with them took Willie up on his lap.

Then during a pause in the conversation little Willie looked at Charlie and said, "Am I as heavy as sister Mabel."—Exchange.

The Finishing Touches

"Mother," said a little boy after coming from a walk. "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on his back feet."—Our Dumb Animals.

Unavoidable Clemency

Soph—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero. Professor—Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark that I am allowed to give.—Washington Cougar's Paw.

Too Much Prosperity

"Are you crazy, Pat? Ye say ye turned down the job because the pay was too high?"

"Sure. If I ivor got sick an' had to lay off, losin' so much mouey would worry me to death."—American Legion Weekly.

Little Pitchers Have Big Ears

Little Lucy (to guest)—Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, dear, very much.

Little Lucy—That's funny, 'cause mother said you haven't any taste.—London Tit-Bits.

No Criterion

Reporter (to convicted man): "Do you feel the judge's sentence was correct?"

Prisoner: "Why—er—I guess so. I don't know nothing about grammar."—American Legion Weekly.

He Really Was Lazy

A kind hearted gentleman, hearing a dog howling mournfully, decided to investigate the animal's ailment. He found the dog sitting calmly upon his haunches, but still emitting agonized yelps.

"What ails your dog?" he asked the hound's owner.

"Oh, he's just lazy," returned the owner unconcernedly.

"But laziness won't make a dog howl."

"Yes, but that dog is sitting on a sand burr."



Children's Teeth

By Louise Bufort, R. N.

Wyoming State Dept. of Health

BABY'S teeth need thought and care. The mother's health and diet to a large measure, determine the kind of teeth that a child will have. As soon as she knows that baby is coming, the mother should consult her physician and her dentist in regard to her general health, her diet, and her teeth.

Both the doctor and dentist will advise milk and vegetables and fruits to furnish the needed materials for baby's bones and teeth.

Baby's first teeth should appear about the sixth month. If they are much delayed it is well to consult your doctor as it may show that baby is not as vigorous as he should be. It is well to find out from your doctor or dentist when to expect the other teeth.

The first teeth should be kept scrupulously clean or they may decay and be destroyed before they can guide the next set into their proper position, resulting in crooked permanent teeth. Few mothers attach enough importance to daily care of little children's teeth.

Unless your physician orders otherwise, do not cleanse baby's mouth before teeth appear. But the first little tooth should be cleansed at bath and at bedtime by firmly rubbing them from the gums up, with cotton or a very clean cloth and a mild antiseptic. Boric solution is good. As soon as the child is old enough, teach him to cleanse his own teeth with a tiny tooth brush and any paste, powder, or liquid that your dentist may suggest. Encourage him to look at them frequently in a mirror, to see that they are perfectly clean.

Make him proud of his teeth early in life, and cultivate in him the love of cleanliness of his mouth and teeth that will add so materially to his health and social and financial success.

Take him to your dentist regularly for examination and treatment to prevent decay. It is true economy to prevent dental decay. Repair of teeth takes time, money and causes pain, and filled teeth detract from personal appearances.

Feeling or Duty

FEELING is a poor guide of conduct. A large share of our duty is the doing of what we do not feel like doing, and the not doing that which we do feel like doing. If a boy or man is set to a task within his ability, it is no excuse for his failure to do it that he did not feel like doing it. No court would acquit a prisoner of guilt on the ground that he felt like stealing. A man may, at times, write well or preach well or sing well or perform well on a musical instrument, or fight well in the hour of battle while he feels like it, but most men have to do these things when they do not feel like it. The world's best work is done by those who are not, at the time, under the influence of impelling and controlling feeling in that direction. If you feel like doing a thing, or like not doing it, consider whether you ought to do it, in spite of your feeling, and then be guided by your duty rather than by your feeling. It may be to your discredit that you cannot feel like doing what you ought to do, but it is never an excuse for your not doing it.—Great Thoughts.

Contentment

Once on a time an old red hen
Went strutting round with pompous clucks,
For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks.
" 'Tis very rare that hens," said she,
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I possess, as you can see,
Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For, though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck!
" 'Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down,
"My babies now will stay ashore
And, consequently, cannot drown!"

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as proudly as of yore—
But lo! her babes were ducklings ten
Instead of chickens as before!
" 'Tis better," said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood;
"A little water now and then
Will surely do my darlings good!"

But oh! alas, how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled round again,
The eggs eventuated bad,
And childless was the old red hen!
Yet patiently she bore her woe,
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said: " 'Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care!"

I half suspect that many men,
And many, many women too,
Could learn a lesson from the hen
With plumage of vermilion hue.
She ne'er presumed to take offence
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence—
She was contented—that was all!

Eugene Field.

(Continued from page 16)

Speaking of this great son of a poor churchman, who, unaided, rose to heights sublime, Dr. Henry Van Dyke said:

"His influence upon the thought and feeling of the age has been far-reaching and potent. He has stood among the doubts and confusions of these latter days, as a witness for the things that are invisible and eternal,—the things that men may forget if they will but if they forget them, their hearts wither and the springs of poetry run dry. His verse has brought new cheer and courage to the youth of today who would fain defend their spiritual heritage against the invasions of materialism. In the vital conflict for the enlargement of faith to embrace the real results of science, he stood forth as a leader. In the great silent reaction of our age from the desperate solitude of a consistent skepticism, his voice was a clear toned bell, calling the unwilling exiles of belief to turn again.

"And when he passed away from his quiet home at Aldsworth, with the moonlight falling on closed eyes and voiceless lips, the world mourned for him as for a mighty prophet, and rejoiced for him as a poet who had finished his course and kept the faith."



The Adventures of the Little Field Mouse

ONCE upon a time, there was a little brown Field Mouse; and one day he was out in the field to see what he could do. He was running along in the grass poking his nose into everything and looking with his two eyes all about, when he saw a smooth, shiny acorn lying in the grass. It was such a fine shiny little acorn that he thought he would take it home with him; so he put out his paw to touch it, but the little acorn rolled away from him. He ran after it, but it kept rolling on, just ahead of him, till it came to a place where a big oak-tree had its roots spread all over the ground. Then it rolled under a big round root.

Little Mr. Field Mouse ran to the root and poked his nose under after the acorn, and there saw a small round hole in the ground. He slipped through and saw some stairs going down into the earth. The acorn was rolling down, with a soft tapping sound, ahead of him, so down he went too. Down, down, down, rolled the acorn, and down, down, down, went the Field Mouse, until suddenly he saw a tiny door at the foot of the stairs.

The shiny acorn rolled to the door and struck against it with a tap. Quickly the little door opened and the acorn rolled inside. The Field Mouse hurried as fast as he could down the last stairs, and pushed through just as the door was closing. It shut behind him, and he was in a little room. And there, before him, stood a queer little Red Man! He had a little red cap, and a little red jacket, and odd little red shoes with points at the toes.

"You are my prisoner," he said to the Field Mouse.

"What for?" said the Field Mouse.

"Because you tried to steal my corn," said the little Red Man.

"It is my corn," said the Field Mouse; "I found it."

"No, it isn't," said the little Red Man, "I have it; you will never see it again."

The little Field Mouse looked all about the room as fast as he could, but he could not see any acorn. Then he thought he would go back up the tiny stairs to his own home. But the little door was locked, and the little Red Man had the key. And he said to the poor mouse—

"You shall be my servant; you shall make my bed and sweep my room and cook my broth."

So the little brown Mouse was the little Red Man's servant, and every day he made the little Red Man's bed and swept the little Red Man's room and cooked the little Red Man's broth. And every day the little Red Man went away through the tiny door, and did not come back till afternoon. But he always locked the door after him, and carried away the key.

At last, one day he was in such a hurry that he turned the key before the door was quite latched, which, of course, didn't lock it at all. He went away without noticing—he was in such a hurry.

The little Field Mouse knew that his chance had come to run away home. But he didn't want to go without the pretty, shiny acorn. Where it was he didn't know, so he looked everywhere. He opened every little drawer and looked in, but it wasn't in any of the drawers; he peeped on every shelf, but it wasn't on a shelf; he hunted in every closet, but it wasn't in there. Finally, he climbed up on a chair and opened a wee, wee door in the chimney-piece—and there it was!

He took it quickly in his forepaws, and then he took it in his mouth, and then he ran away. He pushed open the little door; he climbed up, up, up the little stairs; he came out through the hole under the root; he ran and ran through the fields; and at last he came to his own house.

When he was in his own home he set the shiny acorn on the table. I guess he set it down hard, for all at once, with a little snap, it opened!—exactly like a little box.

And what do you think! There was a tiny necklace inside! It was a most beautiful tiny necklace, all made of jewels, and it was just big enough for a lady mouse. So the little Field Mouse gave the tiny necklace to his little Mouse-sister. She thought it was perfectly lovely. And when she wasn't wearing it she kept it in the shiny acorn box.

And the little Red Man never knew what had become of it, because he didn't know where the little Field Mouse lived.—From Sara Cone Bryan's "Stories to Tell to Children."

Ex-Shoes Me!

He: "What's the big idea? Last week you told me your father was in the lumber business. Today you say he manufactures shoes. What is it?"

She: "Both. He makes wooden shoes in Holland."
—American Legion Weekly.



Cumberland

Mrs. C. W. Peterson of Casper, Wyoming, has been a visitor at the home of her mother, Mrs. David Miller, and sisters, Misses Anna and Helen.

Mr. W. W. Williams, who was injured two weeks ago, has been removed to the L. D. S. Hospital at Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Jim Rallins and little daughter, Lois, will be absent a month visiting friends and relatives at Lyman, Wyoming, and Green River. She has had as her guests her grandmother, Mrs. Roberts of Minersville, Utah, and Mrs. Albert Reinch of Green River.

Mesdames E. J. Reese, Axel Johnson, John Georgis, H. LaCroix and Bert Williams have been hostesses to the Embroidery Club during the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Moore are the proud parents of a baby girl born June 12th.

The misses Marie Edwards and Louise Wilde left for Laramie June 14th, where they will attend the 12 weeks summer school session.

The June festival given by the L. D. S. Primary was largely attended and greatly enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lawney of Denver are visiting the Boam family.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Berrier are driving a new Nash.

Miss Dorothy Tidball and Mr. Lawrence Williams were married in Salt Lake City June 17th. Their many friends wish them much success and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. P. Boam, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Laweny spent July 4th week end at Ideal Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Williams of Kemmerer spent the Fourth of July at Cumberland.

Thomas Lucas, Walter Author and John Boam, were Fourth of July guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clark.

John Kolesar has purchased a new Dodge touring car.

Miss Irene Dexter, who has been visiting in Salt Lake City for two weeks, returned home July 7th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Evich, a baby girl.

Miss Ellen Edwards is helping in the Company Store.

Miss Ruth Dodds of Laramie is visiting her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. Dodds.

The local Union gave the Fourth of July celebration at Camp No. 2.

Miss Olive Draycott and Mr. Domnie Martin were married at Farmington, Utah, June 20th. The community wishes them a long and happy married life.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Latham were vacationing in Colorado. They expect to be absent about a month.

The five Old Timers who received the gold "Service Buttons" at Rock Springs on June 13th are Wm. Bean, Sr., Chris Johnson, Peter Boam, Sr., W. W. Williams and Thos. T. Edwards.

The ladies Embroidery Club entertained their husbands at a 500 party at the hall Wednesday evening. Mrs. Wright Walker received the prize for high score

for the ladies and Mr. Bert Williams for the men. Mrs. Herbert LaCroix received consolation for the ladies and Mr. Wright Walker for the men. The ladies will entertain their husbands once a month.

Mrs. J. H. Draycott gave a shower for her daughter Mrs. D. Martin. The bride received many useful and beautiful gifts.

Hanna

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Gillispie, are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl born on July 9th.

Mr. E. Bain and Mr. and Mrs. William Christian made a visit to Rawlins on July 4th.

Mr. Charles Brooks visited in Cheyenne on July 1st for the purpose of consulting a specialist regarding his health. Charlie has been in poor health for several months, and his many friends are hoping for his speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Helm of Rock Springs have returned home after several days visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brooks.

Mary and Addie Randolph of Rock Springs visited with Mr. and Mrs. Eli Johnson during the week ending July 4th.

Miss Olga Hunt accompanied Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Helm to their home at Rock Springs where she will visit for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones are the proud parents of an eight pound baby girl, born June 17th.

Mr. Denny, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. McElroy of the Bureau of Mines, accompanied by Mr. J. A. Smith and Mr. A. W. Dickinson, made an inspection of the mines during the week ending June 27th.

Bureau of Mines Car No. 2 spent the week ending June 27th with us, for the purpose of training men in First Aid and Mine Rescue work. The boys are all training earnestly and will be in fine shape for the First Aid and Mine Rescue Meet at Rock Springs in August.

Your correspondant attended the meeting of the Old Timers Association held at Rock Springs on June 13th, and enjoyed the day and evening program very much. We think that too much credit cannot be given the Committees in charge of the meeting for the splendid manner in which all arrangements were carried out. The opportunity given us to renew old acquaintances was indeed appreciated. The remembrance of that meeting will remain with us for many years to come, and we only hope that next year those of the Old Timers that were not able to attend this year will join with us in celebrating Old Timers Day.

Work on the Hanna Garage is about completed, and in the near future we will have an up to date garage in charge of Richard Spitzer, who is a first class auto mechanic, and turns out only first class work.

Mrs. James Hansen of Rock Springs is visiting her Uncle, Robert Cox, for a few weeks. Mrs. Hansen is an old Carbonite and her many friends here are glad of the opportunity to meet and visit with her.

Mrs. Thos. Meredith and baby have returned home after an extended visit in Denver.

The Annual Picnic of Hanna Aery No. 1919, Fraternal Order of Eagles, was held at Smiths Grove, twenty miles north of Hanna, on Sunday, July 12th, and was attended by a large number of Hanna people.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church held a Bake Sale and Bazaar in the First Aid Hall on Wednesday, July 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henderson and son from Dawson, New Mexico, visited with Earl Dupont and family on July 7th and 8th.

The many friends of John Hudson and Lizzie Jackson were surprised to learn that they had slipped away to Laramie on July 10th and were married. Thos. Hudson, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

Winton

Just as a good many of the Winton folk were in readiness to start for the Fourth of July celebrations at various places, the big flood and cloudburst came roaring down the canon, and with the water gathered from several gullies, it entered, bringing with it large timbers and other material; only that which was not movable on account of its great proportions was left untouched. And as this rushing torrent, piled with debris, wended its way, an automobile with seven occupants, all of them our townsfolk, stood in its path, and before aid could come the force of the enraged water took control of this car, casting it into the swirling waters. These incidents occurred approximately at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon of July 3rd. Those who lost their lives were Mrs. S. A. Fertig and three children, Ben Andretti and Mary Cassagrande. Mr. Fertig alone survives. Although we cast a regretful look over the damage caused by this element, we are most touched when we realize that this human toll is gone from us forever, and we extend our heartfelt sympathies and to those who survive to mourn.

Winton was quite deserted during the 4th and 5th, as many took advantage of the two days and motored to various parts of the state.

The Girl Scout Troup of Winton is undergoing preparations for their summer outing, which will begin July 19th, for a period of two weeks. This year a camp at Burnt Fork Lake has been selected and Mrs. P. A. Courtney has consented to accompany the Troup. Transportation will be made by automobiles, as several citizens have offered their cars to be used for this purpose.

Miss Flo Steneck, who has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital, is reported much improved after her recent operation.

Mrs. Harry Halliday has returned to McGeath after a several months visit with relatives in Michigan.

Superior

Mr. H. A. Lawrence of Chicago, Illinois, has accepted the position of Cost Clerk in the Superior Mine Office.

A. G. Hood and family left on July 11th for a two weeks vacation trip through Yellowstone Park.

D. R. MacKay returned from a trip through Colorado on July 7th.

W. B. Clark spent July 4th and 5th in Salt Lake City.

Percy Tueller and family spent July 4th and 5th in Craig, Colorado.

Reliance

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Foster visited friends in Reliance last week.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller died recently. The sympathy of the community is extended to the young mother and father.

Mrs. Dick Gibbs attended the wedding of her sister, Miss Elizabeth McPhie, to Mr. Jack Hays in Salt Lake City in June.

The Reliance ladies made mattress slips for the Boy Scout Camp at Burnt Lake at the request of Miss Jessie McDiarmid, who stated she has learned where to come to get things done promptly.

The Nightingale Patrol of the Girl Scouts gave a matinee dance June 19th to add to their summer camp fund. The tickets sold for fifteen cents each and the patrol netted the sum of sixteen dollars.

The company store gave the Girl Scouts 5% of the Gross receipts of June 30th, for which they return hearty thanks.

Mrs. Rudolph Ebeling is home again from Rawlins. Mrs. Joe Miller, Jr., visited relatives here in July. The former home of Wm. Pryde is being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Schoel, who came here from Hanna. Mr. Schoel is safety man in Mine No. 1.

Mr. James McPhie has been appointed to the position of Mine Foreman of No. 1.

Fishing season is in full swing and many Reliance people are spending their week ends whipping the sunny trout streams.

The Community Council gave the Boy Scouts a donation for their summer camp fund.

Mr. Floyd Roberts has a new Chrysler roadster, a very handsome car.

Wm. Pryde, formerly No. 1 Foreman, has moved to Rock Springs.

The Council dance of June 26th met with more than the usual success. A novel feature was the entertainment furnished by the little niece of Mr. and Mrs. John Holen. The little baby gave a graceful exhibition of Indian club swinging, followed by a contortion act that would have done credit to an older professional. There was a fortune telling booth presided over by Mrs. James McPhie and Mrs. John Holen, a paper cap and parasol booth and a white elephant grab bag. Assisted by the ladies of the camp the Scouts served a dainty lunch in the refreshment room. A number of people from Rock Springs and Winton were present.

Reliance is sending twenty-five girls to the Scout camp this year.



Tom Thum playettes have always been popular. Here's one put on in 1912 when Ellen Spence and Hilta Spence of Reliance were bride and bridesmaid.

Rock Springs

F. A. Hunter is sporting a new Chrysler coach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Woods have gone to Salt Lake City, where they expect to locate.

D. C. Foote and family and Thos. Overy and family have returned from an outing in the Bridger valley.

Chas. Kruger has been called to his home in Tono, Washington, account of the serious illness of his father.

Jacob Norback is recovering from an injury received while at work in No. 4 Mine. He has been confined to the Wyoming General hospital.

Kenneth Taylor, who has been employed in No. 2 Mine, has gone to Idaho, where he expects to spend the next two months.

Miss Ione Harris of Evanston is visiting with her sister Mrs. L. F. McCarty.

Mrs. Gibbs of Salt Lake City has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Harrington.

Leo Sandy is confined in the Wyoming General hospital, where he is recovering from injuries received while at work in Mine No. 7.

Mrs. C. H. Durham has gone to California for a months visit with relatives.

Miss Evelyn Elias has returned from a two weeks vacation spent in Seattle, Washington.

The house occupied by Thos. Kruger has been moved from Rainbow Ave. to a site near the ball park to make way for the new channel of the creek.

Fred MacDonald has returned from Denver, where he has been attending school. He is now employed in the Stock Growers store.

The interior of the power-house has been painted with the new painting machine.

F. A. Wilhelm has purchased a Dodge Sedan.

Gavin Young and family have returned from an outing on the Sweetwater River. They reported a good catch of fish.

Theodore Clark has returned from Salt Lake City, where he has been attending school. He is now employed on the tippie at E Plane.

R. J. Buxton and family are enjoying a vacation in the northern part of the state.

Mrs. S. D. Wardle has been seriously ill at her home on Second street but is now slowly recovering.

Isaac Routainen has been building a new road into Burnt Lake to be used by the Boy and Girl Scouts for their new camp.

Dave Abrahams and family are spending a vacation in Salt Lake City.

Harry Cousins has returned to work in No. 8 mine after having been confined to his home for the past six weeks with an injured foot.

James McMurtrie has recovered from an operation for appendicitis and is again employed on the tippie at E Plane.

Dave Williams has returned from a trip to the Jackson Hole country. He also visited in Kelley, where the recent land-slide occurred.

George Parr is again employed in the electrical department.

Deputy State Coal Mine Inspector Finnan recently completed an inspection of the Rock Springs Mines.

Chas Outsen is enjoying a two weeks vacation in Kemmerer and the Yellowstone National Park.

Mrs. J. M. Faddis and daughter, Velma, have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Faddis and have now returned to their home in Salt Lake City.

Wm. Wells has returned from Salt Lake City, where he has spent the past six weeks visiting with relatives.

Swan Swanson and Carl Carlson, of Winton, paid the mine office a pleasant call.

Delos Wardle has accepted a position at the Company Store.

The foundation for the new fan for No. 8 Mine in Five-and-half canyon, has been completed and is ready for the steel fan-house.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

OF

The First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

At the close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 891,162.19	DEPOSITS	\$1,695,012.82
Liberty Bonds	100,000.00	Circulation	100,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds	135,085.00	Capital	\$100,000.00
Bonds, Warrants and Securities.....	68,885.61	Surplus	75,000.00
Banking House	169,985.80	Profits	3,683.62
Furniture and Fixtures	27,788.91		178,683.62
Real Estate Owned	18,936.54		
Cash on hand, due from banks and			
U. S. Treasury	561,851.39		
	\$1,973,696.44		\$1,973,696.44

Actual Cash Reserve31.3 Per Cent
 Stocks and Bonds Reserve17.0 Per Cent
 Available Reserve48.3 Per Cent

"No one," says President Coolidge, "is so poor that he cannot afford to be thrifty. No one is so rich that he does not need to be thrifty." The margin between success and failure, between a respectable place in life and oblivion, is very narrow; it is measured by a single word—THRIFT. The one who saves is the one who will win.

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